Floating Downstream With Carter • Blacks, Jews, and Palestinians

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September 1 & 8, 1979

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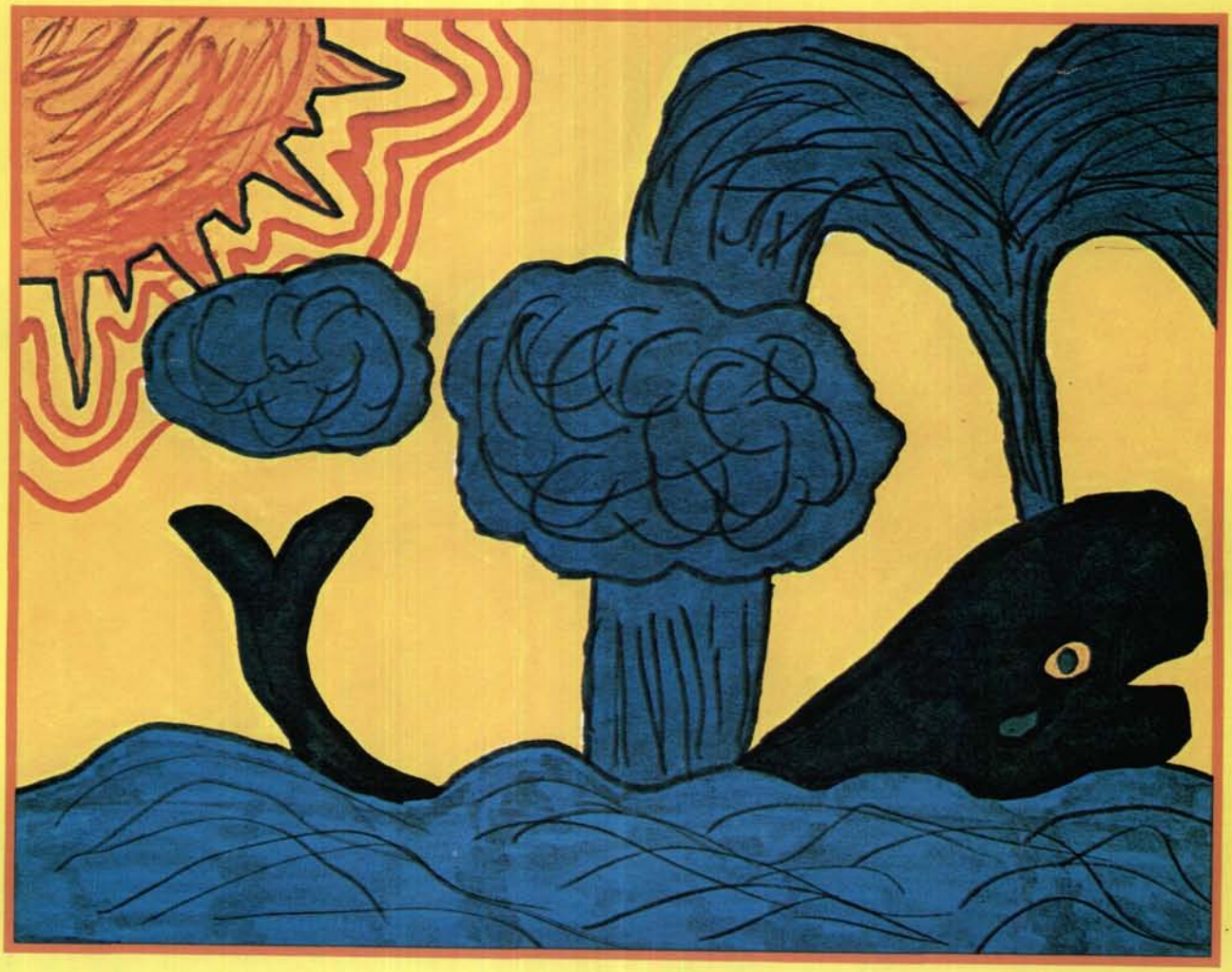

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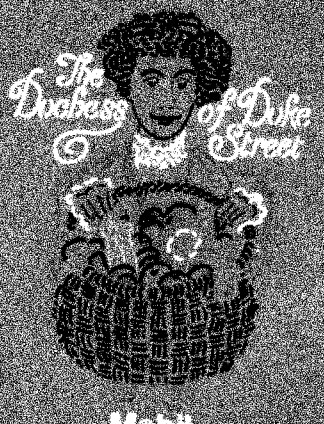

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TRB®

from Washington
September 1 & 8, 1979

The Indulgence Seller

(The regular author of TRB is on vacation. This column was written by another member of The New Republic *staff.)*

President Carter hired Lloyd Cutler last week as his White House counsel (replacing Robert Lipshutz) for the same reason the Automobile Manufacturers Association hired Cutler in 1966 to help water down impending auto safety legislation, and for the same reason the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association has employed Cutler over the years to help explain away various pricing and safety infelicities, and for the same reason corporations pay Cutler's law firm millions of dollars every year to deal for them with the Congress, with regulatory agencies, and with the antitrust division of the Justice Department. Lloyd Cutler is one of the most respected men in Washington. Washington respectability is his stock-in-trade. Cutler is the very symbol of the unelected permanent government here, available for hire to special interests, which Jimmy Carter denounced in 1976 and has been denouncing again lately. Now Carter, acting in his own special interest, has been true to his motto of "Why Not the Best?"

Cutler is one of the very best Washington lawyers, and also one of the most repellent, precisely because he is a liberal Democrat, active in the ACLU and other admirable groups, a generous donor of his talent to the poor and to progressive political causes. A conservative Republican who grew rich helping large corporations to thwart government supervision not only would be acting in a way consistent with his free market principles, but actually would be illustrating those principles. But few of the best Washington lawyers are conservative Republicans. The early giants of modern Washington law were New Deal braintrusters who helped to found regulatory agencies, then set themselves up in practice representing clients before these same agencies. This tradition has continued, for obvious reasons. The more experience you have had in government, the more you'll know about how to protect your client from it. The more contacts you have at an agency, the easier it will be to get help from that agency. The more sympathetic you seem to the general cause of progressive reform, the more sympathetic legislators and regulators will be to your suggestions for "compromise" or "delay" in a particular case. So the best Washington lawyers are ones with long and varied experience in government, lots of friends who are still there, and sterling liberal credentials. Such highly polished souls do not come cheap. But large corporations are rich, and afraid of the government, and they are willing to pay.

Seen from the left, Washington law is a straightforward Faustian bargain. Seen from the right, it is a vast protection racket. Liberal lawyers in the regulatory agencies, on the Hill, and in the executive departments impose troublesome rules and threaten more; then these same people and their friends offer (for a fee) to help evade the present rules and prevent new ones. Lloyd Cutler, oddly, has had no full-time government job since World War II. But his firm regularly supplies lawyers to the government at all levels, and takes many of them back again. A stop or two at an agency or a Cabinet department or a Senate committee is a standard part of the career path at a large Washington law firm like Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering.

A naif observing the practice of Washington law might wonder: How do these liberals-for-hire live with themselves? They are able to do so, with ease, thanks to two important elements in their working lives. First, there is the grandiose agnosticism of the law. Lawyers are taught not to worry whether the cause they represent is a just one; the legal process will decide that in due course. Nor do they need to worry about consistency. If they are helping to enforce the tax laws one day, then using that experience to help defeat them the next, they are serving the great legal dialectic the whole time. Using your contacts as a former antitrust official to arrange a soft settlement for a corporate client is merely serving the professional standard that everyone is entitled to a lawyer, and every client is entitled to the most vigorous possible representation.

The moral relativism of life in Washington also makes it easier for Washington lawyers to maintain their split personalities without cracking up. Politicians from opposite ideological poles must work together all day, then see each other at parties that night. Election winners and losers run into one another at restaurants after the losers become lobbyists or get executive appointments. In a city where everything is politics, no one is encouraged to take politics too seriously. It's understood that nothing much ever changes anyway, and meanwhile we all have to make a living.

It's almost impossible to overestimate the power of these two forces (along with the more common debilitating effects of age and financial anxiety) in corrupting the morals of otherwise intelligent and idealistic people. I have seen it happen. If a firm is thought of as being "Democratic"—meaning the lawyers, not the clients—young lawyers who think of themselves as liberal or even radical will go to work for it and do the most retrograde things, especially if they think that a few years at the firm will lead to a more sympathetic government job. The promise of a little "pro bono" (public service) work usually is enough to soothe the most sensitive conscience.

The top Washington lawyers not only live with themselves quite easily; they enjoy the company. A man like Lloyd Cutler or Clark Clifford or Thomas Corcoran thinks of himself as a statesman and public servant: practicing the noble profession of the law, advising political leaders formally and informally, "arranging things" (as Dolly Levi put it). There is no conflict; it is all of a piece, and all in service of the nation. It's just a happy coincidence that it also makes you rich, and a forgettable one that it often serves political interests you profess not to share.

Joseph Kraft, in a recent column, and Griffin Bell, in his parting interview as attorney general, both advised Jimmy Carter that he needed to develop closer contact with the Washington establishment. The Washington establishment has been saying this for almost three years. Carter, desperate and floundering, has decided to take this advice, even though this makes him look like a ludicrous hypocrite as he simultaneously revs up his anti-Washington rhetoric and media events. Lloyd Cutler has made his fortune selling indulgences from the federal government. It is as if the pope had decided to buy one.

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	Years ended December 31, 1977	1976
Income		
Life premiums	$22,340,297	$16,150,742
Accident and health premiums	25,683,413	23,593,214
Investment and other income	4,799,481	4,090,525
Total income	52,823,191	43,834,481
Benefits and expenses		
Life claims and other benefits	4,126,231	3,735,055
Accident and health claims	12,430,024	11,644,002
Increase in liability for future policy benefits	12,196,239	8,711,984
Amortization of policy acquisition costs	5,183,133	4,431,061
Commissions	5,943,151	5,224,771
General expenses and insurance taxes	5,869,697	5,652,642
Dividends to policyholders	298,064	299,032
	46,046,539	39,698,547
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	6,776,652	4,135,934
Provision for income taxes		
Current	—	—
Deferred	1,909,150	1,209,252
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4,867,502	2,926,682
Realized investment gains (losses)	11,364	356,057
Net income	$ 4,878,866	$ 3,282,739
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	$ 2.88	$ 1.76
Realized investment gains (losses)	.01	.21
Net income	$ 2.89	$ 1.97

Assets	$116,000,000
Insurance in Force	$1,289,599,000

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Contents

TRB from Washington	3	The Indulgence Seller
Comment	5	Blacks and the PLO
		Blacks and Jews
		The Human Comedy
John Osborne	6	White House Watch: On the Mississippi
	7	Correspondence
Morton Kondracke	10	Middle East Blunderer
Michael Harrington	12	Getting Restless Again
Stan Luxenberg	15	The Grantsmanship Hustle
Murray Sayle	18	Whaling and Lamentation
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	22	Films: Secret Lives
Lawrence Goodwyn	23	*The Neoconservatives* by Peter Steinfels
	24	*America and Alfred Stieglitz* edited by Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford, Dorothy Norman, Paul Rosenfeld, and Harold Rugg
Louis Auchincloss	29	*Marquand* by Millicent Bell
Harold Bloom	30	*Brother to Dragons* by Robert Penn Warren
Robin Morgan	31	*The Sadeian Woman and the Ideology of Pornography* by Angela Carter
Eleanor Wilner	32	Poem: "Beyond the Second Landing"
Townsend Hoopes	33	*The Irony of Vietnam* by Leslie H. Gelb and Richard K. Betts
Janet Hook	35	*The Man-Eating Myth* by W. Arens
Jack Beatty	36	*The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* edited by James T. Boulton
Brief Reviews	38	*Music After Modernism* by Samuel Lipman
		Merchant Princes by Leon Harris
Edwin Honig	39	Poem: "Two Poems"
Texas Diarist	42	Home on the Range

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 1 & 8, 1979

Blacks and the PLO

The decision by several black civil rights leaders to embrace the cause of Palestinian nationalism, as articulated by the PLO, appears to stem more from petulance than from any careful examination of the issues in the Middle East. The black leaders have good reason to be angry. The appointment of Andrew Young as United Nations ambassador, after all, was about all blacks had to show for their near-unanimous support of Jimmy Carter in 1976, and now even that sop has been taken away. If Jimmy Carter had been able to better the lot of black Americans, blacks would not so keenly resent losing a symbolic concession like Andy Young. But the assumption among some black leaders seems to be that since Young got in trouble for his sympathy toward the PLO, then the PLO deserves the support of American blacks.

This is a mistaken view, and one that these leaders may come to repent. The facile equation of the American civil rights movement with the PLO's cause is the sort of oversimplification that comes easily to those unfamiliar with the murky complexities of the Middle East. The PLO does not necessarily represent the sentiments of most Palestinian Arabs, and its penchant for assassinating political rivals has discouraged the emergence of more moderate Palestinian leaders. Certainly the black leaders who met with the PLO's United Nations observer did not hear him echo the sentiments of their mentor, Martin Luther King, who counseled non-violence in the face of oppression.

This about-face will inevitably undermine the moral authority of these leaders. One rationale offered by Representative Walter Fauntroy of the District of Columbia and the Reverend Joseph Lowery of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference for their sudden interest in the Middle East was that blacks suffer most from OPEC's high oil prices. This is a surprising argument coming from leaders who like to portray themselves as the conscience of America. It says in effect that in its foreign policy, this nation should let narrow economic considerations take precedence over moral concerns. Doing what's right in the Middle East might harm blacks and other Americans; therefore the US should forget about what's right and do what supposedly is in our short-term economic interest.

Succumbing to oil blackmail wouldn't be moral and it probably wouldn't be successful. For all their talk about Arab unity, the Saudis have kept their eye unfailingly on the bottom line. OPEC is a monopolist, and so far it has behaved like any other monopolist: it aims at a price that will return the most money, not one that will put the greatest political pressure on Israel and the United States. Saudi Arabia probably would love to tell the PLO that pressure hasn't worked. Resisting such pressure will get the Saudis off the hook as well as ourselves.

To argue that American policy in the Middle East should be concerned primarily with avoiding the slightest hardship to our own citizens is to counsel moral cowardice. Black civil rights leaders didn't advocate appeasement during the civil rights struggle, and they shouldn't advocate it now.

Blacks and Jews

The interest that black political leaders recently have taken in the Middle East will, we suspect, be temporary. In that imbroglio, there are few rewards. Even Israelis and Palestinians, who can't escape participation, would be happier out of it—infinitely glad if they could fight about jobs, housing, schooling, rather than about land and statehood. But the connection of Jews and blacks is

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a permanent feature of American liberal politics and the most worrisome thing about the Andrew Young affair is the tension and ill feeling it has uncovered between these two groups, whose cooperation has been so important in the past.

Of course, tension and ill feeling have always been there—on the ground, so to speak, rooted in the political economy of the ghetto, and then of the civil rights movement. But it was mostly overcome (or repressed) at leadership levels. Even the disagreements about affirmative action and quotas did not cause an open break, because these could be readily assimilated into the normal politics of interest group pluralism, and in this politics there were may other groups besides Jews and blacks involved. But the past week has brought something radically new: an effort by some black leaders to exploit the tension and ill feelings in the hope of political advantage, in order to prop up their declining prestige and authority among the mass of American blacks. For this purpose, supporting the PLO has only symbolic significance. What lies beneath the symbolism is an attack on American Jews.

Consider Jesse Jackson's statement, delivered with great passion at a meeting in Chicago and undoubtedly reflecting deep feeling, that the Jews had been willing, in bad times, to share "dignity" with blacks, but not willing, in good times, to share "power." Jackson seems to assume, at least he invites his listeners to assume, that there are no conservative or liberal or radical Jews, but only Jews, indistinguishable except by virtue of their collective identity. People who talk that way about blacks are regularly, and rightly, denounced. More frighteningly, Jackson assumes, or invites his listeners to assume, that Jews (again, as a group) hold power in the United States and that it is they who are excluding blacks from their share of power. It is certainly true that Jews, so far, have done better than blacks in American economic and political life. But it is a simple fact that with rare exceptions they have not, either as a group or as individual men and women, penetrated the centers of economic and political power in this country. Their "power" is a myth. And, in this and in other countries, it is a dangerous myth.

Why is this myth appealing to a man like Jesse Jackson who, whatever his feelings, surely knows better? There is something here that brings back unhappy memories of southern populism. Populist politicians often began by attacking the planters and the Bourbon establishment. But whenever they found that they could make little headway against those enemies, they could aways stand, as it were, on their other foot and attack the blacks. Ill will between poor whites and blacks was real enough; and it was both an obstacle to any genuine populism and an opportunity once genuine populism had been given up. Anti-black politics in the old South was often the product of frustration. So it is today with anti-Jewish politics among blacks: it is a product of the virtual collapse of the civil rights movement and the demoralization of its leadership. Jackson's demagoguery is a substitute for the political successes he has been denied.

It is important to understand such talk, though not to forgive it. Undoubtedly, it is a sign of personal weakness, and a failure of political judgment. But it is also and more importantly a sign of social weakness. It comes after a decade of "benign neglect" and political retreat. It comes at a time when the white community in general has lost interest in the problems of blacks. A society that tolerates appalling rates of unemployment among black youths, that reconciles itself to the existence of a permanent black underclass, that continually frustrates black aspirations—such a society will have to deal with black hostility. It can only delight the elites who share responsibility for all this, however, if that hostility is misdirected onto an old and familiar scapegoat.

The Human Comedy

Francis Ford Coppola on his new movie, *Apocalypse Now*, in the *New York Times*, August 12:

> Mr. Coppola explains, 'I was trying to say that morality is an issue we have to take as it comes. One day you lie to your wife, another day you don't. And when morality gets up onto its higher levels, so that it's not just a matter of a lie, it comes into that realm of madness where it's life or death. I wanted to push for something almost mythic—recognizing, of course, when you even mention the word "myth," you're considered a total phony.'

White House Watch

On the Mississippi

Burlington, Iowa

On the third evening of his vacation and campaign trip down the Mississippi River from St. Paul to St. Louis, the President stood alone for a while on the catwalk leading from the pilothouse to the uppermost rail of the steamboat *Delta Queen*. His left foot was raised and propped on a life preserver. He was gazing, rather pensively but with obvious interest, at the wooded hills rising from the shore between Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, his latest stop, and Dubuque, Iowa. Occasionally he waved to people shouting at him from the hilltops, from a road along the shore, and from motorboats cruising along and around the *Delta Queen*. It was obvious, though, to reporters looking up at him from the deck below that he mostly was just resting and

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Correspondence

Undermining Olmi

To the editors:

Stanley Kauffmann's review of Ermanno Olmi's *The Tree of Wooden Clogs* (*TNR*, June 2) is a classic case of critical blindness. I don't object to Kauffmann's negative verdict per se, although I think the film is the closest thing we've had in quite a while to a cinematic masterpiece. What's wrong with Kauffmann is that he misrepresents—or else fails to represent—what is clearly on the screen.

Kauffmann reports that he has spotted Olmi "undermining" the film "in at least four ways." First, he is disappointed with the performance by nonactors. That's his privilege (and loss), but to assert that Olmi should have used professional actors is to disregard what I'm sure he knows—that Olmi's filmmaking strategy is grounded on the neorealist approach developed by Rossellini and de Sica. That approach did not rule out the use of professional actors, but it did try for performances devoid of the expressionism of traditional, professional actors. For Olmi to have used professionals would have undermined his whole aesthetic.

Second (following Kauffmann's order of complaints), why is it more "predictable" for the widow's sick cow to get well after drinking holy water than if the cow had died? Isn't it the point of this incident—an essential one to convey the nature of the characters—that the peasants believe in miracles?

Third, there is no question that Olmi's sympathies are heavily with the peasants: this is, after all, a deeply political film. But the film's colors are far less black and white than Kauffmann suggests. Did Kauffmann doze off during the scene in which the landowner spies with visible anguish on his young wife's doting attention to a young man at the piano—a scene that establishes him as something far more human than Kauffmann's "cold zombie"? And it's almost perversely obtuse of Kauffmann to criticize Olmi for viewing the peasants through "a haze of adoration" when the haze (if any) is clearly that of an elegy—one that allows some very unsentimental, unadorable aspects of the peasants to shine through.

I have written at some length because I find Kauffmann's cavalier discussion symptomatic of what is wrong with so much criticism these days. Ironically, it's a criticism that fails to honor a responsiblity noted a few pages later in Robert Towers's review of Irving Howe's essays—"that scrupulous loyalty to a work of art which is the critic's primary obligation."

Charles Michener
Senior Editor for Cultural Affairs
Newsweek
New York, New York

Food for crude

To the editors:

So Robert Sherrill faults Dan Morgan's excellent book, *Merchants of Grain*, for being "too couth" (*TNR*, August 18). Less couth, to be sure, is Sherrill's own proposal that the US employ "food power" to starve its international adversaries into submission ("force Russians to chew on shoe leather for nourishment").

Sherrill sounds one appropriate note of praise for Morgan's scholarship, but he then spurns the conclusion reached by scholars, and the conclusion found in Morgan's book, that US food exports cannot be manipulated to counter OPEC oil power. Sherrill's resurrection of the "food for crude" fantasy is irresponsible and dangerous. The 13 OPEC nations, last year, depended upon the US for only 5.3 million metric tons of wheat, worth a total of $646 million. By contrast, the US depended upon OPEC for $26,186 million worth of oil. On the battlefield of world trade (Sherrill's unfortunate metaphor), US food is outgunned by OPEC crude, 40 to one.

Robert Paarlberg
Center for International Affairs
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Marxist outlaw

To the editors:

Lewis Coser accuses me (as William Buckley recently accused Joan Baez) of a confusing display of conformity. For years a "radical Marxian," confides Coser, Gouldner now "ends his tortuous love affair with Marxism" and says "goodbye to all that" in his *The Future of Intellectuals and the Rise of the New Class* (*TNR*, June 16). No sooner does Coser peg me as renouncing Marxism than he reverses himself, insisting that James Burnham and I "have been unable to divest themselves in the fateful Marxian bent. . . ." According to Coser's "dialectic" I am thus both a Marxist renegade and an unrelenting Marxist.

Had Mr. Coser remembered that *The Future of Intellectuals . . .* was volume two of a trilogy, and that in volume one I describe myself as a "Marxist outlaw"—i.e., as ready to demystify Marxism as mainline sociology—he might have recognized my new book was continuous with my longstanding effort to develop a reflexive critique of Marxism. Indeed, when Coser says my relationship to it has been "tortuous" surely this means I have long been critical of it. In my 1970 *Coming Crisis of Western Sociology*, I plainly stated that Marxism, no less than normal sociology, was also in crisis and even then promised to match my critique of sociology with one of Marxism. What, then, is new about my recent critique of Marxism? It is a *class* analysis of Marxism itself, showing its relationship to the New Class.

Coser points out that the New Class is internally differentiated. This is acknowledged and insisted upon in my very first sentence. Yet blacks, women, capitalists, and alcoholics are also internally differentiated—which does not mean that, under certain conditions, they do not come together to pursue common interests. The central point of my book is not, as Coser holds, the prediction that the New Class "will inherit the earth" but the detailed analysis of "the conditions under which the New Class would be more or less alienated from older elites and established institutions and thus unified. . . ." Mr. Coser is still fighting old wars, confusing my position with Burnham's.

Coser holds that I present the New Class as social saviors. My study in fact argues that, whoever the New Class liberates, they are also centrally concerned with improving their own social position and dealing themselves a better hand in any social future. The New Class, then, is no more liberating than the AMA.

Alvin W. Gouldner
Max Weber Research Professor of Social Theory
Washington University
St. Louis, Missouri

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

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enjoying the riverside scene that Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) observed in 1882 on a trip upriver from St. Louis to St. Paul and described in *Life on the Mississippi*.

"From St. Louis northward," Clemens wrote, "there are all the enlivening sounds of active, energetic, intelligent, practical nineteenth century populations. People here don't dream, they wake. The happy result is manifest all around, in the substantial aspect of things, and the suggestion of wholesome life and comfort that everywhere appears."

The 20th-century "populations" that Carter observed, harangued, and shook hands with in the towns and at most of the many locks, were of course larger and very different in other ways from those Clemens observed. Yet, to reporters and to Carter's party and evidently to him, the conveyed impression of "wholesome life and comfort" was much the same. Certainly it was a bracing and reviving experience for him, his wife Rosalynn, and their daughter Amy. All three of them looked tired at times, and no wonder. At three o'clock on one morning, and at one o'clock on another, after staying up and talking with passengers in the steamboat lounge until well after 11 o'clock on the previous night, he got up, dressed in slacks and a sports shirt, and greeted several hundred people who had gathered at locks along the way. At Dubuque, he spoke in wonder and pride about the crowds. "Every time we have been through one of the locks," he said, "we have had a large crowd of people [a slight exaggeration in some instances]. Night before last at three o'clock in the morning there was a large crowd of people there to meet us. It was almost an emotional thing. And then yesterday morning at eight o'clock we arrived at a lock and it was pouring rain and there were several hundred people there in the rain."

The President acknowledged that it was both a vacation and a campaign trip, but said he was campaigning only for support of his energy policy and program. Neither the media nor the people along the way let him get by with that, however, and he didn't try very hard to get them to. "Thanks a lot," he said when people shouted from the crowds wishing him luck in 1980. At Dubuque, a woman who was shaking Rosalynn's hand asked whether she looked forward to the 1980 campaign. Rosalynn paused, seemed a bit troubled, and then murmured, "I look forward to it."

In set speeches, at a question-and-answer meeting with citizens in St. Paul, and in a telephone "call-out" in Davenport, the President sounded his energy theme again and again in much the same way on every occasion. Here is how it went:

"Our country, as you well know, is the greatest nation on earth. We are the strongest nation politically, we are the strongest nation economically, we are certainly the strongest nation militarily, and we have something else as well. God has blessed us above all other peoples with natural resources. But our nation's security is threatened because we are too dependent on foreign oil. So everyone in the United States must do as we have done in the past when our country was in danger or when it was threatened. Unite with one another instead of being divided from one another and realize that every single American is important. Cut back on waste of energy and your driving habits. Obey the speed limits. Join in van pool systems. Make sure that you don't waste energy in your homes. Do everything you can to save precious energy. We will have to use more solar power. We will have to use more coal from within our own country and we will produce more oil and gas and synthetic fuels. If we do those things, there is no doubt in my mind that we can meet this present challenge."

Often he would then recall his loss-of-confidence speech on July 15 and elaborate on its theme. "Sometimes we do get discouraged," he would say. "We ought to inventory what we have. We ought to count our blessings and figure out how you as citizens of our country and how I as the highest elected official in the greatest nation on earth, state officials, local officials, and the Congress, can all work together, not separated from one another, not critizing one another, not looking for scapegoats, but how we can make the greatest nation on earth even greater in the future."

It was a little corny. To reporters hearing the same speech over and over, with minor variations, it was boring and, for story purposes, frustrating. But Carter's audiences invariably listened with grave attention. Quite often they shouted and otherwise indicated understanding and support, and at the very least seemed willing to put up with it all in return for the chance to see and hear the President. Whether it will make a difference for him politically in 1980 and for his proposals in Congress remains to be seen. Midway through the trip, my own impression was that Carter was doing himself some good politically and legislatively, and most assuredly was doing himself a great deal of good in terms of his own spirits and his confidence in himself.

The trip provided journalists an unprecedented view of the three Carters at work. On Sunday evening, approaching Lock 10 below Prairie du Chien, the three of them put on a performance that typified the entire trip. First there was Carter on the catwalk, enjoying and showing himself. Next, within minutes after leaving the catwalk, he joined the small group of reporters whose turn it was to travel with him on the boat, and launched into an hour's talk about himself, the trip, some of his troubles, and his way of conducting the presidency. Next, when the boat moored just for an hour along the approach to the locks, he, Rosalynn, and Amy went ashore and separately "worked the crowd," shaking hands for more than half an hour. The sight of Amy reaching over a fence that came to her shoulders and shaking people's hands with both of her own was extraordinary. It was extraordinary partly because it was such a complete departure from the role that Rosalynn Carter had originally intended for her. Her

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mother had said at the beginning of the term that she was determined to keep Amy out of public view and public activity as much as possible in the fear that any political or other activity and excessive media attention would harm her. Now Amy, at age 11, was campaigning vigorously and, quite obviously, happily. Carter and Mrs. Carter went to opposite ends of the fence separating a crowd of about 2000 people from the lockside, and shook hands separately. Amy worked between them while they closed in on her. After more than half an hour of this, they boarded the boat, went to the second deck, and danced briefly to the music of the steamboat's Dixieland band. They then went into the lounge bar and ordered drinks. Rosalynn Carter ordered white wine, Jimmy Carter a gin and tonic. Just after the drinks were served, six passengers joined them and remained with them for nearly an hour. The passengers turned out to be Catholic retirees from Milwaukee in a group they called "Happy Days." A reporter sitting at a nearby table suspected that the whole thing had been arranged by a Carter assistant. It turned out to have been quite spontaneous. Ray Warner, one of the Milwaukee group, said that a Milwaukee television station had interviewed him, and that during the interview he had said that when and if he met Carter on the *Delta Queen* he would try to buy the President a drink. Carter and Warner indeed met soon after Carter boarded the boat in St. Paul. Warner told him of what he had said on TV, and Carter said "We will do that this week." Sunday evening Carter and Warner again encountered each other after Carter returned to the boat. Carter pointed to a chair in the lounge and said to Warner, "You stay right there and we will get together." When the Carters entered the lounge after dancing on the deck, Warner came over with five companions. He said later that nobody would believe that he was not only having a drink with the President of the United States, but buying the drink, unless he had witnesses, and so he brought along the other five members of his group.

This meeting was typical of the many that Carter had with the passengers in an atmosphere that was surprisingly relaxed and informal, easy both for him and for the passengers. By agreement with Press Secretary Jody Powell, newspaper and television photographers let Carter and his family alone except on a few arranged occasions. The passengers did not quite take him for granted, but they were remarkably casual about the whole affair. They often approached him for a handshake or a word, but left him, Rosalynn, and Amy pretty much to their own devices. Amy, after her handshake turn at Lock 10, returned to the boat and sat quietly with three other young girls whom she had met on the cruise. She chattered with them and, between the conversations, at times stared straight ahead, looking rather solemn and pensive. The secret service agents accompanying Carter were remarkably unobtrusive. Even the deck outside the Carter cabins at the stern of the boat was not secured. Anyone could walk around that portion of the deck and stand by the rails without obstruction. Carter and his family obviously enjoyed the easy atmosphere and at the same time took full advantage of it. By the end of the trip the President had shaken hands with and spoken with most of the passengers.

During the session with the reporters on the boat, Carter was extraordinarily relaxed and frank. He seemed to have come mostly for the company. He said more about himself, his habits, and his way of life than he's ever been known to say before. We had an impression that he thought he was talking on background, not for direct quotation. At the end of the session, however, Press Secretary Powell said "It's all on the record," and the reporters so treated it.

Here are some of the items that emerged from the hour's conversation:

Carter said that he keeps a diary, dictating entries into it practically every day. He said that he dictates accounts of telephone conversations with other heads of state both for his diary and for the official record. As an example of the detail in which he keeps his records, he cited the period, at the Camp David summit meeting with President Sadat of Egypt and Prime Minister Begin of Israel last year, when they were not speaking to each other and were communicating only through Carter. Carter said that he dictated accounts of these conversations immediately after each occurred, had Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Security Assistant Zbigniew Brzezinski read them over, and with them prepared minutes for subsequent discussions with Sadat and Begin. He held up his right hand, held his thumb and forefinger about three inches apart, and said the resultant records were in a book "that thick."

Carter was asked whether he found much time for "non-work reading." He answered "Yes, I just finished a book early this morning or late last night." It was *The Gemini Contender* by Robert Ludlow. He also said that he just finished and enjoyed *The Third World War*, a projection of a possible third world war by a team of British strategists. Carter said that former prime minister James Callaghan of Britain had given him the book and recommended that the reporters read it. He said that any reporter who wanted to borrow his was welcome to do so. He also said that he had read a volume of Arthur Schlesinger's biography of Franklin Roosevelt and admired it. A reporter asked him how he found time for so much fun reading. Carter answered; "I read in the bathroom, I read at the table, I read late at night." A reporter then asked "Do you read at the table, really?" Carter answered, "Yes. I read at the table. Amy reads at the table. Rosalynn reads at the table. My mother reads at the table. All of us read at the table. My father was the only one who didn't." He said that his father was the only member of the family in two or three generations who had not read at the table.

A reporter's question about whether he intended to do any fishing during the trip—he said he might—led

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Carter into talking about catfish, a subject on which he turned out to be a real expert. "The king of catfish," he said, "is the channel cat." He proceeded to extol its many virtues, among them in commercial feeding an ability to gain more than a pound of meat for every pound of fish food.

A few serious subjects came up and two of them were the Middle East and Ambassador Andrew Young. The reporters did not know, but Carter evidently did know, that Young had said on a television panel show at midday that the president's refusal to deal with the Palestine Liberation Organization until it accepted Israel's right to exist was "ridiculous." Carter was asked whether he had talked with Young since Young resigned at Carter's insistence, after an unauthorized meeting with a PLO representative. Carter answered: "We have had a brief conversation about the UN replacement. He and I discussed how important it was for him to carry out the duties of ambassador until his replacement is aboard. Andy said there's a lot—not pressure, but a lot of influence on him—to act as a free person and with an independent voice. I told him that he is still my ambassador to the United Nations, so he's got some tight restraints on him." He also said that he was not even thinking about his choice of a replacement on this trip and will postpone "screening out people" until he returns to Washington. He continued: "Some names have come up. I noticed some signs today encouraging me to consider Dick Clark's references. He is among the most well-qualified people."

At Davenport, the Middle East came up again when Carter was told of a newspaper report that Ambassador Strauss had said he personally disagreed with a US proposal that he had just made to Prime Minister Begin and President Sadat. The proposal was to write some recognition of Palestinian rights into an amended UN resolution. Brzezinski telephoned Carter from Washington early on the morning of the President's arrival in Dubuque. Press Secretary Powell said that Carter told Brzezinski to tell Vice President Mondale to handle the matter on his behalf. Carter talked later that day on the same subject with Secretary of State Vance and his new chief of staff, Hamilton Jordan. When reporters asked him what he thought of Strauss's reported indiscretion, Carter brushed off the question by saying, "He's OK." He then instructed Powell to say nothing more on the whole unhappy subject of the Middle East, Andrew Young, and Robert Strauss.

It was rather too bad. According to Powell, Carter had determined before leaving Washington to stay as far as possible from its burdens and vexations during his river trip. Presidents when out of Washington, at home or abroad, normally maintain daily, routine contact in one way or another with the chiefs of their White House staffs and such others as the secretary of state and the assistant for national security affairs. Powell said on the third day of the trip that Carter had not been in touch with Hamilton Jordan and didn't want to be. So far as Carter's press party knew, his first contact with Washington was Brzezinski's telephone call to him about the Strauss affair and the unhappy contrast that would arise if he retains Strauss after firing Young for a somewhat similar questioning of established Carter policy.

At midweek, though, nothing seemed to have spoiled this trip on Mark Twain's "remarkable river" for the Carters, their fellow passengers, and the crowds ashore. It was said earlier in this account that the passengers—most of them age 60 or older—took the Carters' presence with quiet calm. All of them were courteous and considerate, and most of them probably were more excited than they let themselves appear to be. Mrs. Lois Paskett, an elderly widow from St. Paul, said that at the start she hesitated to approach the President. When she finally did, she said, "He threw his arms around me and gave me a good hug." She said that she and the President had met and talked several times since then. "It is just unbelievable," she said, "meeting the President of the United States in this way. When I go to bed at night I have a hard time getting to sleep, just thinking that I have met the President and I am on the same boat with him."

At the Burlington stop, Carter himself brought up his Middle East problems and said: "There is no doubt in my mind that the press grossly exaggerated what Bob Strauss said. I talked to Vance and Brzezinski, and there's no serious thing there." Jody Powell complained about the attention the media had been paying to Carter's frequent kissing of babies. "What kind of people," Powell snarled, "think it's bad to kiss babies?"

John Osborne

His name is Jimmy Carter,
not Andy Young.

Middle East Blunderer

If the Palestine Liberation Organization ever could bring itself to declare—consistently and unambiguously—that it accepts the right of Israel to exist, profound changes would be possible in the Middle East. Israel, which now does not recognize the right of a Palestinian state to exist, would fall under enormous pressure, internally and externally, to change its policy. Inside Israel, there would be a breakdown in the political unity between the expansionist minority which wants to keep the West Bank forever and the majority which wants to give it up in peace, but is forced to hold it out of fear. The United States, which now is bound by a 1975 promise to Israel not to negotiate with the PLO, would be freed to recognize the organization and to press openly for eventual establishment of a

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Palestinian homeland, even a sovereign one. What Anwar Sadat accomplished for Egypt with his peace offensive—that is, the return of his land—the Palestinians and their supporters could accomplish, too, if they tried the same means. And since the Palestinian issue is the heart of the problem in the Middle East, a PLO dedication to peaceful settlement could set a process in motion that would set the troubled region's heart to rest.

But the PLO never has been willing to do more than play peek-a-boo with recognition of Israel's right to exist. Yasser Arafat and other "moderates" in the PLO leadership periodically hint to journalists, congressmen, and other visitors that they would agree to accept a Palestinian mini-state in the West Bank and drop their designs against Israel, or that they would accept United Nations Resolution 242 (thereby tacitly acknowledging Israel's right to exist). But as soon as their interlocutors excitedly announce to the world that the PLO is for peace, official PLO spokesmen deny or repudiate the account. Undoubtedly there are good reasons of intra-PLO politics why Arafat can tease about peace but not stand up for it. But the results are the same: the Palestinian covenant remains intact, calling for the destruction of Israel, and PLO terror bombing continues against Israeli civilians, matched by Israeli bombing raids over southern Lebanon, which also terrorize and kill civilians.

Another outcome of the PLO's toying with peace is that outsiders who are encouraged by suggestions of Palestinian moderation look like fools when the PLO lapses back into familiar rejectionism. The Carter administration was burned this way in 1977, when it did its utmost to coax a change in the Palestinian covenant, only to be repudiated and embarrassed when the Palestine National Council rejected any change.

Apparently learning nothing from that experience, the Carter administration again this summer pursued the chimera of PLO acceptance of Israel. Once again, the administration came up empty-handed, but this time it incurred horrible—possibly fatal—political losses in the process. Middle East diplomacy had been President Carter's one genuine area of achievement. But his handling of the PLO's peace feeler placed the Middle East with the economy, energy policy, and congressional relations as another disaster area. Before he decided to drop the whole enterprise, Carter had lost Andrew Young as his United Nations ambassador and angered American blacks. He had provoked the worst crisis in recent Israeli-American relations, causing the Israelis to threaten to pull out of the Camp David peace process. He had aroused new hostility among American Jews and created new frictions between Jews and blacks, two key Democratic constituencies. He encouraged—but then disappointed—the Arabs, with possible repercussions to US energy supplies. He set his top foreign policy advisers quarreling among themselves in public. And, just at a time when he was seeking to project an image of firmness and mastery, he seemed to have let everything slip out of control. His polls were already low, the political sharks were circling, and now Carter has only put more of his own blood in the water.

It is easy enough to understand how President Carter fell into this predicament. From statements he has made before and during his presidency, it seems clear that Jimmy Carter is personally touched by the plight of the dispossessed Palestinian people and favors establishment of a Palestinian homeland in the West Bank. He also seems to believe that there never will be peace in the Middle East unless justice for the Palestinians is achieved. The absence of peace, he believes, may endanger the West's oil supplies, and hence its economic survival, and also will provide openings for Soviet meddling in the area. Failure to win justice for the Palestinians also will perpetuate the isolation of Carter's friend, Anwar Sadat, from the rest of the Arab world and jeopardize Sadat's political health in Egypt.

The Camp David agreements provide that the Palestinian issue should be settled through autonomy talks among Egypt, Israel, the US, Jordan, and West Bank residents. But the Begin government in Israel has proposed such harsh terms for negotiation—they offer, in effect, no autonomy at all—that neither Jordan nor any West Bankers will participate. Since the Begin government has made a botch of Israel's economy and is politically weak, there seems little likelihood that Israel's negotiating terms will improve. So when Arab diplomats came along in June and July offering the prospect of PLO acceptance of Israel's right to exist, some administration officials saw the chance to negotiate with the PLO and get its OK for West Bankers and Jordanians to join in the autonomy talks. Saudi Arabia provided an added incentive by agreeing to increase oil production by one million barrels a day.

The main Arab approach to the US came through Kuwait's ambassador to the United Nations, who circulated a series of draft Security Council resolutions which he said had PLO approval. The drafts reaffirmed Resolutions 242 and 338—which recognize Israel's right to exist—and called for creation of a sovereign Palestinian state. About the same time, Yasser Arafat held a highly publicized meeting in Vienna with former West German chancellor Willy Brandt and Austrian chancellor Bruno Kreisky, after which Kreisky made himself another in the long line of fools who have fostered notions of a PLO transformation.

The United States played the fool, too. The administration should have told Kuwait to tell Arafat—or it should have used a secret emissary to tell Arafat directly—to stand up and declare publicly his willingness to recognize Israel's right to exist. Instead, the US sent word to Kuwait that the administration "took very seriously" this PLO initiative—and took it seriously "at the very highest level." Some American officials say that the administration never actually

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"negotiated" over the wording of various Kuwaiti drafts, but the US surely encouraged Kuwait and Nigeria to develop modified drafts, softening demands for a Palestinian state. The United States also asked Kuwait and other Arab countries for postponements of Security Council action, to give US officials more time for study.

It was a huge error for the US to dicker with the Kuwaitis, but the enterprise also was plagued with multiple lesser misfortunes. President Carter was too effusive in thanking Saudi Arabia for its oil increase. Saudi Arabia was too blatant about linking the oil to progress on the Palestinian issue. An unnamed high-level US official told the *New York Times* that the US would face increased oil pressure unless there was movement on the Palestinian question by the fall. President Carter allowed himself to be misquoted as likening Palestinian nationalism to the civil rights movement in the South. All of this aroused immense suspicion in Israel, and the Begin government may have fanned this suspicion to mask its own domestic distress. Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan charged that the US was changing policies as a response to Arab oil blackmail, and the Israeli Cabinet threatened to pull out of the peace process with Egypt. No one made any public threats of 1980 election reprisals against the Carter administration by American Jews, but no one needed to.

To calm Israeli fears, the administration offered soothing assurances to Israel's ambassador. Secretary of State Vance said the US would veto any UN resolution calling for a sovereign Palestinian state. President Carter reaffirmed Kissinger's promises about dealing with the PLO. Mideast peace negotiator Robert Strauss, who reportedly had been skeptical all along about PLO approaches, declared there would be no changes in US Mideast policy. The PLO's central governing council threw further cold water on the enterprise by demanding creation of an independent Palestinian state.

The flap over Andrew Young's meeting with the PLO's UN observer, and his misstatements to the State Department about it, was the dramatic high point in this comedy, but not the final scene. The administration decided, in a last-ditch effort to save face among the Arabs, to sponsor a UN resolution of its own merely restating the Camp David proposition that the Palestinians have a right to participate in their own political future. It was clear that the PLO never would accept this language. It wants, at a bare minimum, acknowledgment of a right of "self determination." But on a trip to the Middle East, Strauss found out that neither Israel nor Egypt would agree to it either. American officials expressed surprise at Sadat's reaction, though if they had read his recent speeches they would have known that Sadat considers the UN goings-on a "hopeless process." Strauss came back from the Middle East grousing publicly about instructions given to him by the State Department and the White House. The State Department answered back by saying that Strauss was as responsible as everyone else for making the policy he tried to execute.

All of this seems to have been done out of honest ineptitude—with one mischievous exception. When Andrew Young resigned, White House aides apparently feared that the administration would come under attack from both blacks and Jews. They tried to deflect the impact on the president by implying that the blacks' real quarrel lay with the Jews—creating the incorrect impression that the Jewish community "got" Andy Young. This isn't true at all. Most official American Jewish voices said their complaint was with the administration's policy, not with Young's action, which they felt was fully in keeping with that policy. They agreed with black leaders that Young was a scapegoat. Those most outraged by Young's performance seem to have been Cyrus Vance and other State Department officials whom Young embarrassed by his false version of his meeting with the PLO. As one official put it, "his sin was that he lied to the Department, but told the truth to the Israelis." If Vance did not threaten to resign unless Young quit, he seems to have been fully angry enough to have done so.

The Carter administration is trying to put itself back together with a veto at the UN and restatement of past US policy on the Middle East. Andrew Young may get a new job and the president's foreign policy advisers are issuing statements of unanimity. But deep damage has been done to the president, and he may be tempted to recoup by some dramatic gesture such as another Middle East summit. That probably would be a disaster. Carter is not strong enough politically to get Israel to do anything now. Carter probably will have to be content to have Camp David stand as his Middle East monument. Full peace and justice for the Palestinian people probably will have to wait for the next presidential term, probably someone else's.

Morton Kondracke

Colleges will be activist hotbeds in the 1980s.

Getting Restless Again

It is 1958 in the fall of 1979 on American college campuses. The 1960s began in 1958 and the 1980s are beginning to stir right now. So it is quite likely that there will be a student movement as dynamic and significant as that of the 1960s during the next decade. I think it has already started. I came to these conclusions before the breakdown at Three Mile Island led to the

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demonstration in Washington on May 6, the largest protest since the great antiwar marches. That huge outpouring of mainly youthful sentiment confirms my thesis. But the emergent revival of a youth movement is not primarily caused by or limited to the nuclear issue. I know it is coming because I was there the last time.

There were many reasons for the quiet and conformism of the 1950s, on campus and off. Those were the years of Eisenhower the father figure; of a triumphant cold war ideology in which the critics of America were seen as subversives; and of outright repression for those who refused to join in the nation's celebration of itself. They also were the beginning of the age of mass high consumption, of galloping suburbia, of the feminine mystique and the baby boom. In the colleges, students vaguely grasped an idea that was in the process of becoming a full-fledged economic theory: that studying hard and getting high grades would improve one's "human capital" and yield handsome dividends in post-graduate affluence.

There were also some counter-trends, above all the appearance of a mass civil rights movement in the South under the leadership of Martin Luther King Jr. That historic development reverberated in the academy or, more precisely, in the elite institutions. The student leftism of the 1960s began at Harvard, Yale, Michigan, and Berkeley in the late 1950s. At that point, students at the less privileged colleges still believed fervently in the 1950s ideology. The young, affluent rebels were at first unconcerned with economic issues. Their passions were moral and social: civil rights defined as equality of cights; opposition to capital punishment; abolition of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Most surprising of all, the radical surge found its first organizational expression within student government, the traditional sandbox of the goody-goodies. Student political parties were created, at Berkeley and then at Michigan. The notion of youth, or students, as a new social class with its own historic role to play made its debut.

The participants, including me, did not know that history was turning a corner in 1958. But almost imperceptibly the leftist meeting grew larger, and that quantitative increase became the fuse of qualitative explosion. The moment of Hegelian transformation can be dated precisely: February 1960, in Greensboro, North Carolina, when the first sit-in took place. That event affected every institution in American society and on the campus it was the signal for a dialectical leap.

The vanguard of the baby boom was just beginning to arrive in college in 1960. They arrived in droves because the religion of education, which had been a major prop of the status quo in the 1950s, now dictated an unprecedented expansion of higher education. This was to have radical consequences. A huge generation entered institutions which were expanding—or being created—in a tremendous, unstabilizing rush. The resultant bureaucracy caused a hatred of those administrators who bent, spindled, and mutilated students in their computerized system. The cold war ideology was in decline and anticommunism was symbolized, not by the courageous stand of the Berliners under blockade or Hungarian revolutionists fighting the tanks of Soviet imperialism, but by the reactionary fiasco of the Bay of Pigs. At the same time, the cult of hedonistic rebellion moved from the fringes of New York's East Village and San Francisco's North Beach into the student union. The sweet smell of pot—and, more importantly, the ideology of pot—perfumed the academic air.

The 1960s student movement had its triumphs in Mississippi and the great antiwar marches. It also had its disasters, most notably the self-destruction of Students for a Democratic Society. The war ground down to its cruel and ignominious end; the myth of perpetual affluence was rudely shattered by the emergence of stagflation in 1969. McGovern's primary campaign in the spring of 1972 was the last gasp of the 1960s. From then until quite recently, the campus has been a quiet place. Beer made a dramatic comeback. So did studying and fraternities.

I have been touring the campuses as an agitator and/or lecturer since 1951. Throughout the somnolent 1970s I crisscrossed the country, sometimes talking for the little groups of activists, more often invited by the official speakers' programs. During the past year, and most dramatically in the winter of 1979, I noticed a shift in the wind very much like the one I felt on a two-month tour in 1958. Once again, the phenomenon was most marked at the elite colleges: more than 500 students jammed a lecture hall at Harvard in the middle of the afternoon; more than that came to my speech on the third world at Ann Arbor; at Yale and Princeton and Amherst and Stanford there was a new sense of motion and excitement. But at Queens College, the commuter campus where I teach, everything was fairly quiet until Three Mile Island.

At Ann Arbor I had the most extraordinary sense of *déja vu*. The morning after the big public meeting I met with the activists from the Peoples Action Coalition (PAC). They were radical but completely nonsectarian. They had organized and won a major student government fight: their successful candidate for president of the liberal arts student body was a member of the United Auto Workers. They were then involved in a fight to get tenure for a Marxist professor. As I talked strategy with them, it was as if I had gone two decades into the past and was meeting again for the first time with Tom Hayden and Al Haber.

The issue that was the focus of most activist attention at places like Ann Arbor, Harvard, and Stanford, well before Three Mile Island, was the question of South Africa. This issue, by its nature, is most sensitive at the elite universities. For a school to be faced with the problem of whether to boycott South Africa with its investment portfolio, it must have an

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investment portfolio. Ann Arbor is a state university but it has a huge endowment; Harvard and Stanford are among the wealthiest colleges in the country. Thus, one of the catalytic issues of the emergent 1980s was posed exclusively in upper-class institutions. People who are disturbed by such ironies should not study history.

Another hot issue is the Nestlé boycott. Nestlé is not simply the maker of a famous chocolate bar; it is also one of the most powerful multinationals. In the third world it has been pushing a baby formula which, when mixed with water, provides a substitute for breast milk. There are several problems with that product. First, it costs money, which desperately poor people cannot afford to spend. Second, and more important, polluted, dangerous water is hard to avoid in most impoverished nations, and mixing that formula can be lethal. While mothers in advanced nations are returning to breast feeding, ignorant women in poor nations are being persuaded to use this unnecessary and dangerous product. So there is a movement, with considerable support from religious groups, which is fighting against Nestlé.

And now there is the battle over nuclear power. It seems to be a simple and spontaneous response to the sci-fi events at Three Mile Island. But it is actually a moment in a complex history. Understanding this provides one more reason for expecting a really major change on campus in the 1980s.

As 1960s activism died down in 1972, many of the former antiwar marchers turned to private concerns. But the most motivated among them became community organizers or engaged in Democratic party politics. And many former activists went into the academy. Thus there has been a cadre of younger professors on campus in the 1970s. In the 1950s, there were practically no courses on Marxism, radical history, or the unions. In the 1970s, there have been regular courses in almost every college in the nation on leftist subjects that once had been tabooed.

A myth also has survived. To the more sensitive and concerned students of the 1970s, the 1960s were a kind of golden age. They had heard from older brothers and sisters, or from movies and television, about the generation of protest that preceded them. To some it seemed that they were being cheated out of their inheritance: the right to take part in a sit-in at the dean's office. So the gigantic anti-nuclear protest in May may have been partly an exercise in nostalgia. Those who were too young to participate in the 1960s now had their chance to herald the emergence of the 1980s.

The Washington march was also proof of a 1960s underground which survived into the late 1970s. The organizers of the event came in part from the direct action anti-nuclear forces, including the Clamshell and Shad alliances and Mobilization for Survival. The cores of these movements are composed of veterans of the 1960s. Other leadership for the anti-nuclear rally came from the New York Public Interest Research Group (pronounced "Nighpurg" in movementese). This is one of several Naderite public interest research groups that developed a base on the campus—and sometimes even received official school funding—in the 1970s. The point is that, for all the undeniable sleepiness of the campus during the 1970s, some very significant networks survived.

The results were there to see on May 6. I spoke fairly early on that day down at the staging area behind the White House. There were already about 50,000 people there. As we marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, there were visible differences between this first protest of the 1980s and the demonstrations of the 1960s: more beer and less pot, no nudity or militant obscenity (both of which had lost their ability to shock). I don't want to exaggerate the resoluteness of the throng, either. There were those who had come to catch a glimpse of Jane Fonda or hear Jackson Browne, the rock troubadour of the movement. A reporter commented that there were more people drunk than in the past; a friend replied that fewer were stoned. But even if this was not an outpouring of pure and shining social conscience, it was the greatest public manifestation of youthful (and adult) concern in years.

If the anti-nuclear march is thus understood, not simply as a spontaneous outpouring of sentiment, but as a triumph of existing radical networks, there is good reason for thinking that the 1980s will be concerned, not only about the nuclear issue, but about a wide range of social and political questions.

Another reason to suspect there will be a revival of militance in the 1980s is the changed position of the college student in American society. The 1960s were a period of the longest peacetime prosperity in American history. Many of the rebels and freaks of that decade implicitly believed in and acted on the conventional wisdom of the squares: that the business cycle was no more, that endless prosperity had been achieved. In such a context, dropping out for a year or two or throwing sand in the face of the bourgeoisie was less risky than it once had been. After all, one could always return to the bosom of this tolerant, youth-worshipping, and preposterously wealthy society.

President Nixon did not follow the deflationary policies of 1969-71 in order to destroy the affluent base of leftist protest, but his management of the economy had that effect. When the word got around campus that degrees were really not passports to the middle class and that one would have to hustle to redeem the cash value of a college education, private concerns took precedence over social ones. Courses in accounting filled up easily; classes on Camus dwindled. All of this can be put with considerable irony. A decade of enormous capitalist success helped to provoke a rebel student movement with anti-capitalist overtones; a decade of capitalist failure gave birth to a conformist youth non-movement with the quaintest Horatio Alger

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values. But now comes a further irony: the very conditions that helped create the passive 1970s are going to provoke the opposite mood in the 1980s among the college young.

Even if young people don't appreciate the internal contradictions of their response to the failure of capitalism in the 1970s, they still have to confront the external contradictions. As more and more students go to law school in order to salvage some value from a college degree that no longer guarantees a lavish return on their "investment," they devalue the law degree as well. And indeed, applications for law school already have peaked, just as college attendance is declining. This problem will not be resolved by the demographic shift that is coming in the 1980s. It is true that the baby bust is scheduled to arrive on the labor market in 1985. There will be a shortage of workers at the bottom of the class structure. Shrewd businessmen have even begun to talk about relaxing immigration restrictions in order to find people to do the dirty, menial work at that point. But even after 1985, there will still be a shortage of professional and technical jobs and a surplus of educated young people competing for them.

There is, in short, a self-interested "trade union" basis for a new student movement. The same conditions that drove the non-activists of the 1970s to studying and hustling will challenge the activists of the 1980s to try to change the limits that impose such intolerable choices upon them. This new movement will not be simply an exercise in collective individualism, any more than labor union movements are, no matter how practical their point of departure. The first intimations of the 1980s, as we have seen, are pervaded with idealism, with concern for others. But idealism is always more enduring when it is anchored in the realities of daily life.

That is one reason why I am more optimistic about the 1980s movement than I was about the 1960s. That earlier movement has some permanent accomplishments to its credit, in civil rights, antiwar activity, feminism, environmentalism, and the transformation of the college curriculum. But that movement destroyed itself because it became isolated from all the rest of the society. This generation, because it arises in a time of stagflationist crisis rather than in a period of affluence, is going to be forced to be more serious. And that, in turn, holds out the possibility of alliances with organized workers, minorities, and other social forces in the society.

Moreover, the adult left is much more solid than it was in 1958. There was a generational chasm separating the 1930s from the 1960s. But on the political calender a mere seven years divides the 1980s from the 1960s. The networks, we have seen, still exist from the earlier times. In the organization that I chair, the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, there are veterans from the 1930s and the vanguard of the 1980s working together. If I am right, if 1958 is stirring on the campus in 1979, we are on the eve of a new student movement.

Michael Harrington

Michael Harrington is head of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee. His latest book is *The Vast Majority* (Simon & Schuster).

Helping others hustle grants is a hustle of its own.

The Grantsmanship Hustle

by Stan Luxenberg

In the offices of nonprofit organizations the mail piles up. Dozens of letters, brochures, charts—all of them promoting people who claim to be masters of the art of luring grant money. Some of the ads tout newsletters designed to steer the harried nonprofit executive through the labyrinth of Washington's grant-giving agencies. Others describe how-to-do-it training sessions or "management advisory services." These self-styled experts are part of an industry that has boomed in the last several years: grants consulting.

Competition for grants has increased as more

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organizations grow dependent on government and foundation largesse. Sometimes organizations are set up to administer a particular grant; their cause expires or their "starter" grants run out, and they must find new money or go under. Sometimes established institutions, such as universities and churches, find themselves using grants for specific projects to help pay their overhead costs; soon they are hooked and need regular new grants to survive. Meanwhile inflation has eroded the endowments of the large foundations, and the tax revolt has made grants a tempting target for government budget cutters. This means there is less grant money available, making competition even fiercer.

The competition drives grant-dependent organizations to hire experts at finding and winning grant money. Such experts have prospered, enticing others who know their way through the grant thicket to set up as consultants. And as more consultants produce increasingly polished grant proposals, pressure grows on agencies not using a consultant to hire high-priced outside talent. James Lewis, director of Columbia University's Office of Projects and Grants, says that in the last year the volume of mail he receives offering consulting services has tripled.

There are about 500,000 nonprofit organizations in the US, many of them competing for the more than $50 billion in grant money available each year. Aiding this pursuit are 10,000 full-time professional fundraisers. About 2500 of these are consultants; the rest are staff members of institutions or government bodies. There are also about 40,000 people who spend part of their time raising funds. "All of them have to make a living," points out John Brakeley, head of Brakeley, John Price Jones, a fundraising firm. "The competition is ferocious."

Most grants consultants used to be fundraisers on some grantee's staff. The pool of potential consultants is constantly growing. Yale University, for example, recently completed a campaign that raised $370 million. A staff of 100 worked on the project. Now many of them will be looking for jobs and calling themselves professional fundraisers.

Grants consultants range from freelance operators working out of their homes to large firms that charge substantial hourly fees and handle dozens of clients. There are about 30 major fundraising firms, most of them belonging to the American Association of Fundraising Counsel. Together they employ about 900 consultants. Brakeley's firm is one of the premier operations. Charging from $500 to over $1000 a day for the services of a staff member, Brakeley grossed more than two million dollars last year. Clients include the US Olympic Committee, Washington's National Cathedral, Dartmouth College, and UCLA.

Brakeley entered the fundraising business in 1938 as an employee of the firm then called John Price Jones. At the time, most of the money collected came from private donors. After World War II the federal government began giving away huge amounts of grant money. The Ford Foundation, with its much-publicized challenge grants, stimulated many organizations to increase grant giving. Brakeley and his colleagues became very prosperous. In 1953, Brakeley purchased the Canadian subsidiary of his firm, setting out on his own. Three years later he landed his first US account, Stanford University. In 1972, Brakeley bought out his former employer.

Brakeley still pursues private donations, but many consultants specialize exclusively in grants from foundations and the government. Like lawyers, grants consultants may or may not help their clients, depending on the skill of the consultant and the nature of the case. No consultant, no matter how shrewd, can achieve a 100 percent success record. If 300 school districts apply for 20 HEW grants, as sometimes happens, some clients will come out losers.

Whether the client is a senior citizens center or a ballet company or a university, the consultant typically begins by examining the institution and determining what sorts of funds it might raise. Brakeley describes his initial activities as a marketing study. "You go out and look at whether the product will sell," he says. "Have they got the salesmen? Have they packaged the product properly?"

Once the consultant has learned the nature of the institution, he or she begins searching for possible funding sources from among the 26,000 foundations in the US and hundreds of government agencies. For someone unacquainted with the grant business, this might well seem like a task requiring an experienced specialist. And indeed, a skilled grantsman should have an advantage over a novice. But just as lawyers often mystify relatively simple legal procedures and charge

The New American Hustler

America is still the land of opportunity, but the opportunities have changed somewhat under conditions of what some call "late capitalism." This is another article in an occasional series examining new opportunities for riches created by the mixed economy and the post-industrial age.

These modern entrepreneurs are likely to share three characteristics in contrast to their counterparts a century ago. First, what they are selling tends to be more amorphous and ephemeral, and not obviously connected to the production of goods and services that add directly to the national prosperity. Second, they often depend on the existence of a large government sector, either as a customer or a generator of the need for their services. Third, most of the new American capitalists described in this series are politically liberal, perhaps because their prosperity depends on the society the liberal vision has created.

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unknowing clients huge fees, grants consultants tend to present their search process as a secret—and expensive—operation.

The Foundation Center, a nonprofit organization based in New York and supported by foundations, maintains libraries around the country that list all foundations and explain what grants they have given. For a fee the center will conduct computer searches to identify organizations that provide funding in particular areas such as programs for the handicapped or the arts. The lists are always a year old, and foundations tend to be trendy. What is fashionable one year may be out of vogue the next. Even so, the Foundation Center gives the prospective applicant a fairly reliable idea of where to start looking for grants.

Public libraries often have lists of foundations. The New York Public Library, for instance, has one heavily used shelf in its reference section of books that contain lists of grant-giving institutions and explain how-to-do-it. The government provides information on its grants in the Catalog of Federal Domestic Assistance and in publications like the *Federal Register*.

After determining likely funding sources, the consultant begins discussing strategy with the client. Consultants typically advise clients to take such common-sense steps as asking members of their boards of directors if they know anyone on the boards of foundations or in government agencies that might be a source of money. Before spending time preparing a written application, the client is told to talk to a member of the funding source's staff to see if there is a reasonable chance of success. Consultants cannot normally act as agents in discussions with funding groups, since the agency staff usually will insist on talking directly to the people who will be spending the money. But the consultant can write the application and coach the client on what to say in an interview.

The importance of the written application varies. Private foundation executives, such as those at the Ford Foundation, tend to be cautious when faced with the hordes of grant seekers. They usually give money to well-known institutions or groups bringing references from people known to the foundation. The most compelling written application will be of limited value in these cases and a nonprofit group paying a consultant to do the written work is probably wasting its money. But in dealing with the government, an artfully prepared application put together by a professional grantsman may improve chance of success. Government grant applications are read and graded by outside readers, who often are former recipients of grants from the same agency.

Some organizations retain a consultant for years. It is often cheaper to hire a consultant than it is to put someone on salary full time. Fundraising is a full-time occupation, even for well-endowed organizations. Many grants last only for a year or two and organizations must constantly look for new sources. Each year an organization may send out dozens or hundreds of applications to win the few grants it needs to survive.

Some consultants specialize. Tom Stribling was a grant writer for the City University of New York. Four years ago he set out on his own, handling a regular group of clients and working out of his Manhattan apartment. Stribling specializes in education grants. He does work for Bronx Community College, the University of Bridgeport, and the public schools of Stamford, Connecticut.

Jane Geever, who considers herself a radical, heads the all-woman consulting firm she founded three and a half years ago. Geever first learned about grants while working for the United Nations. She worked for another consultant for a while before opening her own business. J.C. Geever Inc. has a staff of 14 and about 10 clients, all fairly small nonprofit agencies. The firm charges $19,000 a year for its services and grossed $250,000 last year. For the fee a client gets the services of an account executive, a backup person, and Geever, who supervises all operations. The fee is lower than comparable consulting firms, which tend to charge around $60,000 a year for similar services. Some nonprofit organizations have received special grants in order to pay Geever's fee.

Universities have begun to offer courses on how to write a grant proposal. These courses usually are part of the adult education programs started by many schools to attract older people into empty classrooms. New York University's adult education program has sponsored grant courses offered around the country. The University of Detroit and the University of Chicago also have grantsmanship programs.

The New School for Social Research awards a masters degree in fundraising. Its catalogue offers several courses in subjects such as writing proposals and administering grants. In 1977, Virginia White was asked to teach a course in grant writing at the New School. Ms. White suggested that the course be conducted as a seminar with 15 to 20 students. When 157 students signed up, she ran the class as a lecture series. In 1978, when the New York newspaper strike prevented the New School from advertising its offerings, an administrator told Ms. White to expect few students in her class. Over 100 signed up.

Hunter College of the City University of New York has begun a four-course curriculum in grant writing.

Summer Schedule

This is a combined issue.
TNR will not publish
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Students completing the program receive certificates. The courses cover the history of grant making, the government grant-making process, the role of grants officers in nonprofit institutions, and proposal writing. Last year 100 students enrolled. Most are on the staffs of nonprofit agencies and they are sent by their employers.

The literature on grants is growing. Virginia White's *Grants* has gone through six printings and has been an alternative selection of the Macmillan Book Club and the McGraw-Hill Book Club. The 354-page book goes for a steep $19.50. Because of the volume's success, Ms. White's publisher, Plenum Press, induced her to leave her job at the City University to become editor of *Grants* magazine, a quarterly that contains articles on various funding bodies and on the state of foundations and the nonprofit sector. Subscriptions cost $45 a year for organizations and $22.50 for individuals.

Dozens of companies and consultants put out newsletters about grants to be used by nonprofit organizations. Some simply cull the Federal Register for news of funding approvals and compile this into listings of interest to grant officers. There are listings for funding of biomedical research and funding of the arts, for example. Brakeley, John Price Jones used to put out lists of donors who gave a million dollars or more to its clients. But it discovered that some company had reprinted the list and was selling it through the mail.

Something called the Public Service Materials Center puts out *Where America's Large Foundations Make Their Grants* ($24.00), and *Foundations That Send Their Annual Report* ($4.75), a listing of names and addresses of large foundations. *Federal Grants and Contract Weekly*, a newsletter for those wanting to keep abreast of money-raising possibilities in Washington, costs $114 a year. *Research Monitor* supplies profiles of federal programs supporting research. The service sends out weekly bulletins covering news affecting funding. The material comes with binders and filing systems and costs $375 per year.

Besides the profit-making grantsmanship operations, there are dozens of nonprofit counseling services supported by the other nonprofits or by grants they themselves get. Welfare Research Inc., which receives grants from 18 sources, helps nonprofit agencies in New York write grant proposals. Perhaps the most well-known nonprofit counseling service is the Grantsmanship Center in Los Angeles. Since it was founded in 1972, more than 10,000 people have attended the center's five-day training sessions. For a fee of $325, representatives of nonprofit agencies and others interested in grants learn about program planning and fund seeking. Students write sample grant proposals that are criticized by the trainers.

All graduates of the Grantsmanship Center course get a free one-year subscription to the *Grantsmanship Center News*, which claims a readership of 80,000 and otherwise costs $15 for the six issues published each year. The publication features how-to articles and interviews with government and foundation officials who explain what they look for in grant proposals. Nonprofit organizations around the country host the training sessions. This year host organizations include Planned Parenthood in New York City, the Pennsylvania Bureau of Human Resources in Harrisburg, and the Houston YMCA. Places in sessions are in demand as groups rush to get what they believe is a detailed look at how the grants business works.

Why the Japanese insist on slaughtering our lovable sea cousins.

Whaling and Lamentation

by Murray Sayle

Tokyo

After hunting them to the edge of extinction, the Western capitalist world seems finally to have accepted the great whales, the largest creatures on earth, as our lovable seagoing cousins. This affection does not extend to the Japanese, whose diet still includes whale meat. At the recent London meeting of the International Whaling Commission, the Rising Sun flag was publicly burned, Japanese delegates were sprayed with red paint representing the blood of slaughtered whales, and the Japanese sat stonily through a spirited rendering by John Denver of the anti-whaling ballad "I Want to Live," sung through a Japanese-made microphone.

These emotional proceedings make an interesting

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contrast with the business deal quietly concluded in Tokyo last April, soon after the North Pacific whaling season had officially opened between Japan and the Soviet Union. These two neighbors never have gotten along, but they share an interest in whaling, as the last two nations still operating factory ships. These ships come with an array of fast chaser boats, spotting helicopters, and sonar detection gear, all of which leave even the nimblest whale little chance of escape.

The Tokyo deal gives Japan 227 Bryde's whales, 400 minkes, and 1458 sperms (the most endangered species still legally hunted) for the 1979 season, while the Soviets can take 227 Bryde's, no minkes, and 2342 sperms. Each side will allow observers from the other to travel with the whaling fleets and personally check the catch. The Japanese want to eat the whales they catch. The Russians want to sell most of their catch to Japan, in a complicated barter deal for refrigeration equipment no longer needed by the rapidly contracting Japanese whaling industry. Both sides also have a modest conservation interest, in the sense that both would like to catch some more whales in the North Pacific next year. The only other people hunting whales in these chilly waters are a handful of Aleutian Eskimos, who still hunt with iron harpoons and unstable canoes and run as big a risk as the whales themselves.

Thus the devotedly capitalist Japanese, whose trading and defense interests would seem to lie almost exclusively with the whale-loving Western world, are lining up with their old enemies the Russians on this emotive issue. This seems to be shaping as yet another public relations disaster for Japan, because the whales have recently found powerful friends. President Carter of the United States (which ceased whaling in the 1930s) and fisheries minister Alick Buchanan-Smith of Britain (last voyage, 1963) have called for a universal moratorium on whaling. Australian prime minister Malcolm Fraser joined the call for a worldwide ban in April, just about the time the last Australian whaling station was closing down for good after taking 561 sperm whales for the year. Most of the Australian whale oil went to Britain, where it is used in margarine, cosmetics, and such ecologically sound activities as lubricating racing cars and model airplane engines. The Australian whaling station was closed because of falling profits.

But falling profits have not daunted the Japanese, whose Taiyo Fisheries companies actually lost $12 million on whaling operations in 1978. Kinshiro Sorimachi of the Japanese Whaling Association said in London that Japan "will continue whaling at any cost," adding that Carter's proposal was "an outrageous one put forward in his desire to get re-elected next year." The Japanese press has backed Sorimachi to the hilt. Non-whaling nations, says the *Asahi Shimbun*, "cannot, and are unwilling to understand the position in which Japan is situated: being a small insular country, Japan has been forced to rely on whaling for its animal protein requirements. The time has come for this nation to say what it thinks right."

The Japan Whaling Association says that if whaling were banned, "about 200,000 Japanese people, whose livelihood depends on whaling directly and indirectly, would be affected. . . . Furthermore, the disappearance of whale meat from the Japanese diet and culture would be a matter of great concern for the Japanese government." Inagaki Motonobu, a 58-year-old lawyer who is chairman of the Japan Joint Whaling Company, put it even more bluntly: talk of a ban, he said, was "an attempt to maintain the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race." Lawyer Inagaki has noticed that the reformed ex-whaling nations which dominate the International Whaling Commission—Britain, the US, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa—are pretty much the same crowd that has been running the world, on and off, ever since Commodore Matthew Perry forced Japan to open its ports to American whalers in 1854.

For a shrill voice from the other side, we might consider an advertisement published in Australia by the Friends of the Earth: "Japan's treatment of the great whales is akin to the Nazi policy of extermination of the Jews. One Japanese whaling official was heard to say that he would be glad to see the last whale killed—it would mean that they had done their job efficiently."

It seems clear that at least some species of the whale are threatened with the fate of the American buffalo and the Tasmanian aborigine. But have the Japanese arguments any merit?

It is perfectly true that whale meat is on sale in Japan. I have just been down to price it in my local supermarket, and found that Central Capital Foodstuffs Company is offering marinated whale steak at the equivalent of $1.80 a pound, less than half the price of the cheapest stewing beef in Japan. Smoked whale bacon (artificially colored and preserved) is on sale at the same price. Both items were at the back of the freezer, outnumbered 50 to one by packs of fish, beef, chicken, prawns, clams, and other staples of the Japanese diet. There is one whale meat restaurant in Tokyo, seating 24 whale gourmets at a time. Raw whale tail sometimes is available in raw fish restaurants (as is raw bear and raw horse, in some parts of this exotic country). The Kujira whale restaurant offers whale sukiyaki at five dollars a plate, and raw whale tail sushi-style at $12.50 for an eight-ounce portion, rice included. This suggests that there is still a small, sophisticated market for high-priced whale meat.

Figures from the Japanese Agriculture Ministry indicate that the Japanese last year consumed 58,300 tons of whale meat, down from 120,000 tons in 1973. Of this amount, about a quarter was eaten in Japanese households as whale stew. A quarter was served as school lunches. (Children get no choice about their lunch; whale is even cheaper than imported "industrial" beef, and Japanese school boards are notoriously stingy). A quarter of the whale supply was made into artificial ham, pies, and sausages (Japanese sausage

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makers keep their recipes confidential). The remaining quarter went in various non-human ways, such as fertilizer and pet food. This last quarter was mostly sperm whale, too fishy for even Japanese whale lovers, and with alarming concentrations of mercury.

This total of 58,300 tons works out at just over one pound of whale meat per Japanese per year. A people threatened with starvation? A culture menaced? "It is difficult" states a catty memo circulated among the EEC embassies in Tokyo last month, "to see what the cultural significance of artificial ham or whale meat sausages is to Japan. If the demand for real ham cannot be met by local production, Denmark would be delighted to make up the deficit, which would also help to reduce Japan's trade surplus of $6.4 billion with the European Community."

My Japanese friends, however, see a different picture. "Whale meat is vital to the Japanese people," I was told by a local restaurant proprietor, a well-informed and intelligent man. "When did you last eat whale?" "Not since I left school. The lunches were horrible." Other Japanese friends gave the same reply: they never ate whale themselves, but believe that other Japanese lived on it. The pound-a-year statistic they found hard to believe.

Japanese are Buddhist-animist in their religious beliefs. The Buddhist reverence for life is strong; it was many centuries after the introduction of Buddhism before the Japanese could be induced to eat any animal meat at all. Even today, slaughterhouse workers are outcasts in the Japanese community. The whales, when they were first caught in Japanese offshore nets in the 17th century, seemed like a gift of protein straight from Buddha. The frugal Japanese saw nothing wrong in this, especially as every part of the whale—skin, bones, entrails, and blubber—was used. On the other hand, the way Westerners dumped whale meat into the sea revolted them, especially as they were doing it in full sight of the Japanese coast during the gung-ho days of Anglo-Saxon whaling. (More recently this shameful occidental practice has been removed to the privacy of western Australia.) The sudden holier-than-thou conversion of the Westerners, when they have no further use for the whale themselves, confirms Japanese in their notions of barefaced Western hypocrisy.

The attitude of the Japanese about whaling thus has venerable religious sanction. And like conventional wisdom everywhere, it is a decade or two behind the facts. The real Japanese need for whale meat ended when the good times began and foreign exchange became abundant, in the 1960s. Current Japanese policy is much more the product of internal Japanese politics, manipulating a poorly informed public opinion.

Whaling in Japan is mostly one company, Taiyo Fisheries, which is the driving force behind the Japan Joint Whaling Company, the last firm still engaged in whaling. Only 1600 people are directly employed in whaling (the 200,000 is a patriotic invention by Taiyo's PR firm, International Public Relations of Tokyo), but under the Japanese system they cannot be readily fired. Many are getting along in years and will be difficult to place elsewhere. Where are the openings, even in a country with under two percent unemployment, for a skilled harpooner and blubber hand? Who, for that matter, wants a 58-year-old whaling lawyer?

Taiyo has been able to find some powerful allies inside Japan in its all-hands-to-the-pump efforts to keep the company afloat. The Japanese Seamens' Union has been able to bring in the Japan Socialist party, and has been methodically lobbying the labor attachés of all the foreign embassies in Tokyo. The fishermen's cooperatives can deliver many votes in the seaside constituencies that are strongholds of the ruling Liberal Democratic party. These people act out of the belief that they are helping to stop prejudiced foreigners from breaking the rice bowls of brother Japanese, the romanticized whale men. In addition, fisheries minister Michio Watanabe, a power on the right wing of the Liberal Democrats, went to college with Prime Minister Ohira. In Japan, that's pull.

Clearly, the best public relations move Japan could take would be to get out of whaling altogether, but there is no one in Japan willing to listen. Japan does not work by abstract policy debate (does any country?) but by internal consensus, slow to form and difficult to break. These interal negotiations, conducted in innumerable bars and geisha houses, and over endless golf games and jolly drinking bouts, are not open to whale-loving or any other kinds of foreigners. A Japanese consensus is not about facts, but about achieving a Confucian unity of action (one hundred million hearts beating as one, as the Japanese saying goes), which generally operates in the interest of some concealed group.

For every Japanese who still likes whale, there are a thousand who patronize McDonald's and Kentucky Fried Chicken. (In Japan, the Colonel has a joint venture with Mitsubishi, who can spot a trend a mile off and got out of whaling years ago.) The Japanese whaling industry is on its last legs, doomed along with swordmaking and paper lanterns and silk kimono and most of the other *folklorique* corners of Japanese life.

Japanese in general (despite the activities of self-centered pressure groups) set a great value on standing well in Western opinion, and are not exactly proud of making cosy deals with the Russians. A ban on the import of whale products from sources outside the International Whaling Commission is likely, possibly as early as 1980. This would remove the last market of the *Sierra*, the famous pirate whaling ship, already damaged in a ramming incident staged by anti-whaling militants in the North Atlantic. That will leave only the Japanese whalers themselves, who are now getting on in years and supplying less than half of the dwindling Japanese demand. Japanese whaling probably will die out before the whale does.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Secret Lives

A modest and poised film about gay life in London arrived a few weeks ago with uncanny timing. More about the aptness in a moment; first, the film itself. *Nighthawks* (Nashburgh), written and directed by Ron Peck and Paul Hallam, simply follows the life of a London schoolteacher who is gay. We learn the second fact first, in a disco, then go to work with him the next day, and this order is part of the film's point: to show us that the frequenter of "meat markets" is a man of some mind and character whose way of sexual life is more or less forced on him by his society. This is underscored when we see that most of his pickups during the film are messenger boys and the like, desperately uninteresting.

That fact leads the film, in its bonds with honesty, smack into the mimetic fallacy. Because it won't tamper with the verism of the protagonist's life, many of its scenes are just exactly as dull as the pickups. The plane of the film is almost level, flat, which is emphasized by the apparent improvisation of much of it, as if the teacher (Ken Robertson) and his companion of the moment had been asked to talk as they would ordinarily have talked in such a situation. After a while, we get the feeling of a sociological field trip.

The feeling of improvisation is also true of the classroom scenes—with early adolescent boys and girls—but they are inevitably more spirited. The best and liveliest scene comes near the end when a boy in a crowded classroom asks the teacher if the rumor is right that he's queer. The answer is yes; and the following exchange is sharp and fascinating. It's hard to see how the scene could have been anything but spontaneous.

The teacher keeps his job despite his candor, which he believes is healthy for the class. (I agree.) At the end he returns to the disco, which is less healthy for him.

The film's virtues are mostly negative. It does not do false or sensational things. We see Robertson kissing his companions in bedrooms, to substantiate conversations with some physicality, but Peck and Hallam do not go into the detail that so many directors of heterosexual films now insist on (honesty now being the best business policy). *Nighthawks* is restrained, conversational, largely unemotional, concerned less with whipping up drama than with presenting a presumably typical life, episode by episode. But the result is that an hour of it would do at least as well as the two hours that it takes. (The camerawork and editing are at passable film-school level.)

However, the accident of the moment of the New York opening made *Nighthawks* a salient point of reference. As everyone must know, New York gays a few weeks ago organized meetings and marches and picketings—larger than the organizers had expected—to protest the filming in Greenwich Village of scenes for a film called *Cruising*, made from a novel by Gerald Walker and directed by William Friedkin (*The Birthday Party*, *The Boys in the Band*, *The French Connection*, *The Exorcist*). Al Pacino plays an undercover policeman tracking down a murderer of gays who, in the process, discovers that he is gay himself. (Or doesn't, depending on which ending they decide to use.) Gays objected feelingly to the portrayal of the "gay scene" as one of depravity and crime, in the fear that this would exploit misleading stereotypes and undo the advances in gay status during the past decade. Gays groups tried to get Mayor Koch to withdraw permission for the filming in the city streets. (The protests greatly pleased the producer of *Cruising*, Jerry Weintraub, who smirked on TV that he couldn't have afforded to buy the publicity.)

The issue, of course, was the First Amendment. All my adult life I've tried to be a First Amendment absolutist, not always successfully, sometimes even sneakily. Example of the last: a few years ago when the American Nazis wanted to parade in Skokie, Illinois, I believed, grimly, that they ought to be allowed to do it. But secretly I got pleasure from the protests. Banning of that parade would have damaged one of the most important ideas in this country, that Amendment, but what a shock it would have been if nobody had protested. I don't cast Friedkin and Weintraub as the equivalent of American Nazis, but there is this much parallel in the *Cruising* matter: the gay protests were an attempt at prior restraint and I'm glad they failed. But I'm also glad they were made.

Principally I'm glad because they certify a change in the social climate. I see the matter somewhat subjectively, heterosexual though I am. In 1966, when I was the theater critic of the *New York Times*, I wrote a Sunday article deploring the need for homosexual playwrights to put their experience and observation into heterosexual disguise. An avalanche of angry letters from "decent" folk hit me. (The article and my response to the letters are in the section called "Homosexuality" in my book *Persons of the Drama*.) One can't imagine such letters—or, for that matter, such an article—today. One can't imagine protest marches like those against *Cruising* 13 years ago.

The extraordinary German director Werner Herzog has made a good film of Georg Büchner's great play *Woyzeck* (New Yorker). Herzog calls the original work a "drama fragment": well, at least it's true that whoever does *Woyzeck* must

Films Worth Seeing

Breaking Away. Sitcom in excelsis—small-town adolescent fantasies, parental apoplexies—but brightly written and played.

North Dallas Forty. In its pro football milieu, it's saltily funny and real. When it moralizes, it fumbles. Mostly good sweat and ache.

Peppermint Soda. Parisian adolescent girl, 1963. Diane Kurys's first film tells nothing really new about its subject but tells it with some charm.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. A rising young senator, his wife and family, his lady friend. The shape is old-style novelette, much of the detail is very sharp.

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make his own version of the scenes and versions that were unfinished by the author.

Büchner is always somewhat frightening to me. The sudden irruption of this giant innovative genius—he died in 1837 at the age of 23, leaving this play and *Danton's Death* and a few other astonishing works—is past my understanding. It's scary. Mozart, dead at 36, is equally incomprehensible, but at least it's clear that Mozart came out of the music of his time. Büchner did not grow out of the drama of his time. The German drama had important innovative figures like Tieck and Grabbe and Lenz (about whom Büchner wrote a marvelous novella), but that's no more than to say that there were other important physicists at the time that Einstein made his unique leap.

And when I remember that Büchner's plays were more or less buried for 60 or 70 years, my spine chills further. Imagine what the history of Western drama might have been if those plays had been known. There they were, extant but invisible, while Hebbel and Ibsen and Strindberg were forging ahead. It's hard to believe that, if those men and others had known Büchner's plays, their own would not have been affected. The "if" is staggering.

The minimal virtue of Herzog's film is that it revitalizes the chilling mystery of Büchner. Herzog's script is a pretty good version, except for the superfluous brutal drilling of Woyzeck at the beginning. The cinematography by Jörg Schmidt-Reitwein synthesizes a wide range of color and an overlay of restraint. Herzog keeps the camera at middle distance a good deal of the time, to give us an almost cool look at passionate puppets beating away at their lives on the stage of the world. The chief exception to this camera view—the slow-motion close-ups of the murder of Marie—is egregiously, unhelpfully, out of this temper.

Eva Mattes, excellent in Fassbinder's *Jail Bait*, is poignant and sexy as Marie, the ductile garrison-town whore. But the film depends on its Woyzeck—Klaus Kinski, who was Aguirre in Herzog's film of that name. Kinski is a very strong actor, full of boilings and agonies and madness. The word "star" doesn't seem to apply to him: his performances seem to spit on the idea of stardom at the same time that he absolutely commands attention like a star. The *idea* of Kinski as Woyzeck is irresistible: possibly that's why Herzog made the film in the first place.

My one quarrel with Kinski is that his Woyzeck is not only mad, apparently he has always been mad. I think that Büchner's Woyzeck, who hears voices and sounds in the earth, is not stamped "madman"—he has been driven mad, the first self-knowing Common Man, oppressed by his place in the world as his intractable fate, by his vision of something larger than that fate, his premonition that he will not keep the one joy (Marie) that has been granted to him. That sense of madness as *result* is missing in Kinski. Still he convinces us that there is an invisible hand on his throat. And that, contradictorily combined with the visual effect of the film as a series of plaques, gives this *Woyzeck* some power.

The Neoconservatives: The Men Who Are Changing America's Politics by Peter Steinfels

(Simon & Schuster; $11.95)

It is becoming increasingly clear with the approaching end of the aimless 1970s, a decade so reminiscent of the 1950s and 1920s, that American politics is in for another of its periodic sea changes: ready or not, a more energetic public life looms before us in the 1980s. The question is, will it be a serious or a merely aimlessly energetic politics?

The historian's perspective, by definition long-range and inured to momentary enthusiasms, edges its practitioners toward skepticism about these prospects. Historians share in the general feeling that the country had a creative beginning, thanks to Thomas Jefferson and others, but many of them think that, since the Industrial Revolution gathered force over a century ago, American politics has functioned within a steadily narrowing circle of corporate possibilities. Certainly the intermittent spasms of social energy that made themselves visible in the 1910s, the 1930s, and the 1960s can in retrospect be seen to have yielded embarrassingly trivial results. The driving forces that had begun to surface by 1900—the permanence of unemployment, the depoliticization of the electorate, the static patterns of income distribution and, above all, the manifest centralization of corporate power and privilege—have all been left untouched by the subsequent rumblings of reformers and politicians. The presidents who succeeded in generating an aura of purposefulness—the Roosevelts, Woodrow Wilson, and John Kennedy—have proved no more able to affect these underlying economic imperatives than their less illustrious predecessors and successors. As for the latter—the Carters, Eisenhowers, and Hardings—they appear to the historian as rather dazed symbols of routine politics in a corporate age.

Peter Steinfels's book on contemporary American politics does not range over this full historical spectrum, but it does offer a thoughtful basis for a beginning inquiry into the dimensions of the accelerating global crisis and of America's leading role in that crisis. But *The Neoconservatives* is more than that. Though the former *Commonweal* editor is deeply concerned about the trivialization of American politics (the "neoconservatives" are but the latest expression of that trivialization), his book represents, in its civilized tone and its intellectual range, a promising starting point for a new tradition of mature democratic commentary. Steinfels talks about serious matters seriously, not polemically.

The impact of *The Neoconservatives* cannot be expected to be measured in mass sales, but rather in the attention Steinfels's analysis receives within that broad political community of Americans who are dedicated to the ideals of liberty, democracy, and equality, but who no longer feel they know how to express that dedication in concrete ways. In that group, as Steinfels knows, are some of the "neoconservatives" themselves. Ultimately at issue is whether the powerful institutional engines of advanced capitalism have placed themselves beyond democratic reach, or whether Americans can in our time recover the direction of their own

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America & Alfred Stieglitz
A Collective Portrait
edited by Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford,
Dorothy Norman, Paul Rosenfeld,
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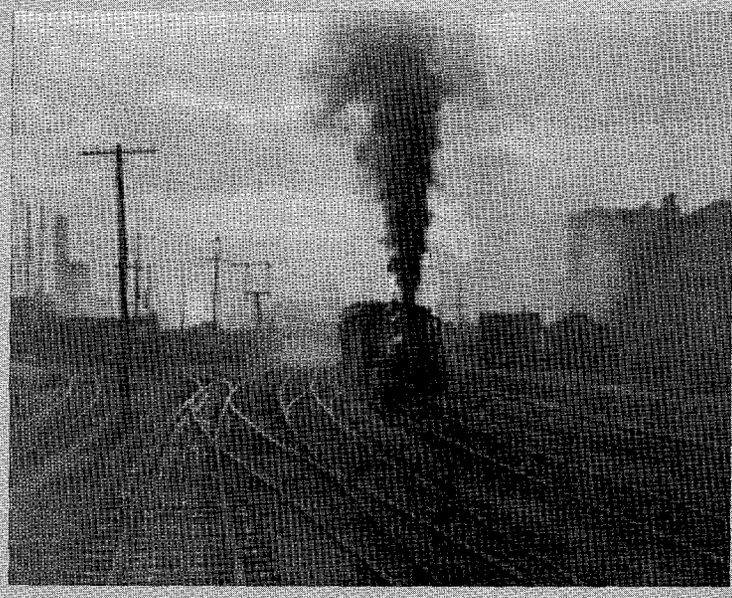
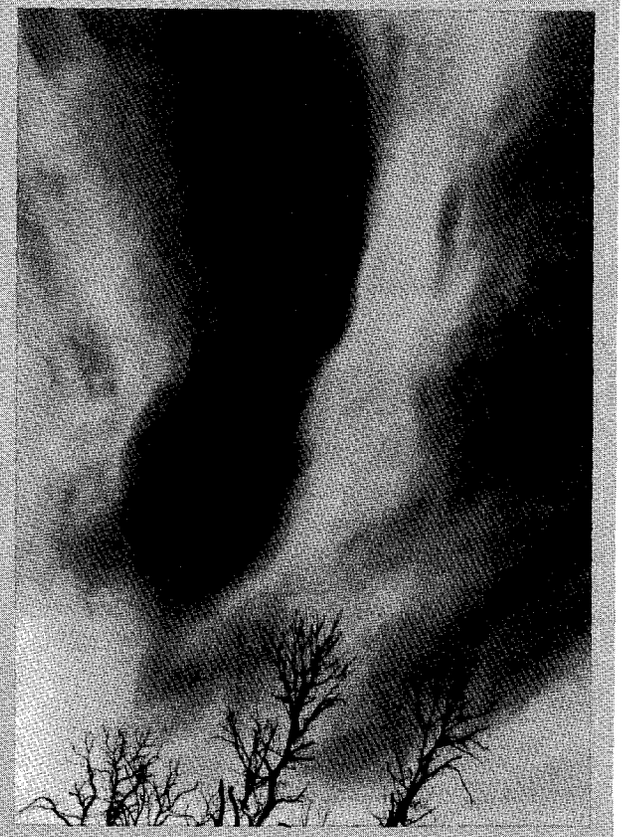
(Aperture; $18.50)





society. Peter Steinfels suggests that we can, and he provides some much-needed interpretative models to help reach that democratic objective. It will, of course, take more than one book to lever Americans out of the settled resignation that is the operative dynamic of contemporary political discussion. Indeed, the first order of business is to find a persuasive means of exposing modern political "sophistication" for the shallow escape it is. The impediments to clarity are as much psychological as intellectual, for what is ultimately being tested is the nation's morale as well as the strength of our inherited democratic traditions.

What initially confronts Steinfels, then, is not non-belief on the part of his readers, but rather an unacknowledged despair that nothing can be done about the political situation. This mode of resignation is, in fact, at the very heart of "neoconservatism" and accounts both for its programmatic vagueness and its potential political appeal in Washington: it offers people a way of appearing dutiful while wringing their hands. As is abundantly evident from recent non-actions on energy, inflation, unemployment, and race, many Americans in and out of Washington are so anesthetized that they will settle for neoconservative passivity if it can be made intellectually fashionable. Steinfels's study is thus a healthy short-run antidote to the ascendancy of the kind of benumbed, business-as-usual routine that can only heighten the contradictions of current foreign and economic policymaking.

But the book is more valuable for two other reasons. It helps to place in historical perspective the long-term national decline from democratic possibility to bureaucratic administration and it hints at the directions an authentic democratic polity would take. Thus, while *The Neoconservatives* is a book that selectively probes the past for the origins of our current drift, it is ultimately a book about the kind of future that unresigned Americans can conceivably achieve.

The roots of our malaise are quite old, as Steinfels makes clear. The foundation of modern American "neoconservatism" was quarried in the response of 18th-century traditionalists to the French Revolution. Edmund Burke provided the political rhetoric and Auguste Comte the necessary sociological support. Both men endeavored to rally what Steinfels calls a "counterintellectual" army to combat the threat to meritocratic possibilities signaled by the arrival in history of the ideas of democracy and equality. The functional enemy of tradition was perceived to be not "the masses" but "Men of Letters." Burke fired the first salvo against all scribblers who "pretended to a great zeal for the poor, and the lower orders, whilst in their satires they rendered hateful, by every exaggeration, the faults of courts, of nobility, and of priesthood. They became a sort of demagogues." When Burke had finished compiling his catalogue against these envious "innovators" who had lost the "favors and emoluments" that had been theirs until the reign of Louis XIV, a litany of political sin had been set down for use by succeeding generations of aspiring policymakers down to the present. Counterintellectuals have for 180 years elaborated the themes Burke announced—elitism disguised as social concern, status anxiety, cultural irreverence, baseless complaints of repression—in short, "radical chic."

As Burke understood, the ultimate threat posed by people who possessed ideas about authentic democracy rested in the simple political appeal of those

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Originally published in 1934 as a tribute to Alfred Stieglitz on his 70th birthday, *America and Alfred Stieglitz* has been revised and released in a handsome, large-format paperback edition. The collection offers a selection of essays and photographs designed to create an "organic portrait" that traces Stieglitz's adaptation of American romanticism, his development as one of the most innovative photographers of his time, and his transforming influence upon American culture. Contributors include Paul Strand, Sherwood Anderson, John Marin, Gertrude Stein, and others. These photographers, painters, and writers—friends and disciples of Stieglitz—convey an almost reverent appreciation of Stieglitz's inspirational vision and life work.

ideas. "Ideology" was therefore a weapon that urgently needed to be removed from the political arena lest it weaken authority, disturb privilege, and endanger inherited stability. Toward this end, politics needed to be understood as a simpler endeavor—as an administrative task that was best handled by experts endowed with proper training.

When the intellectual spokesman of modern American neoconservatism, the sociologist Daniel Bell, wrote *The End of Ideology* 20 years ago, he thus was scarcely the first policy professional to attempt to wrest politics away from intellectuals. That distinction belongs to Auguste Comte who raged against the Men of Letters in language that sounds remarkably "modern" in its anger at all political theorists who lack proper credentials: "Any man who can hold a pen," Comte lamented, "may aspire to the spiritual regulation of society, whatever may be his qualifications."

The contemporary purpose of America's new conservatives lies within the Comte-Burkean tradition of counterintellectuality. They seek to drain politics of ideas in the interest of stability, to curb democratic aspiration in the name of administrative serenity, and, as a necessary precursor to both objectives, to conquer "ideology" in the name of something called "social science." Since questions of inherited power and privilege in corporate America confuse and intrude upon all three objectives, power and privilege need to be understood—in this view—as subjects that are central only to those people whose "passion" has overwhelmed their judgment.

Given the enormous range in style, ideological presumption, and civility of the multitudes of people who take questions of authority as a proper concern of politics, the intellectual fragility of the neoconservative position is transparently lodged in its premise. The modern Burkeans attempt to cope with this impasse by discrediting the motives of all observers unduly worried about corporate centralization in America. Whatever the results achieved through this polemical endeavor, the endeavor itself at least has the unassailable merit of enabling neoconservatives to avoid discussing power themselves. And this feat of avoidance is central because the reality of corporate domination of American politics is a topic that absolutely undercuts every tactical purpose in the neoconservative creed.

Style rather than content is thus the hallmark of the new Burkeans, and it is one of the great strengths of *The Neoconservatives* that Steinfels patiently explores the techniques of persuasion they employ. In a tactical organizational sense, Irving Kristol is the architect of neoconservatism. Its most provocative anti-democratic spokesman is Samuel P. Huntington. Patrick Moynihan is its point man inside the Democratic party hierarchy, and Norman Podhoretz offers *Commentary* as a much-needed popular forum. Daniel Bell has endeavored to defend its credentials within the liberal academy through his books, his role in organizing business-sponsored commissions on public policy, and through his editorial post with *The Public Interest*. Nathan Glazer, Seymour Martin Lipset, Robert Nisbet, James Q. Wilson, among others, add a requisite gloss of social scientism as sanctioned by a number of the nation's elite universities. Policy professionals all, they seek to become the base of a new national establishment to replace the establishment wrecked by the Vietnam War.

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A quick review of the styles of Kristol, Huntington, Moynihan, and Bell provides a sketch of the overall neoconservative thrust. Irving Kristol brings to the new movement thin intellectual credentials and a political vulnerability that may eventually prove crippling. To all but the very young, Kristol's involvement in *Encounter* magazine and the American Committee for Cultural Freedom during the heyday of CIA funding of intellectual happenings is well known. Steinfels traces these years of fear in a manner that is at once brief, fair, and unsparing. Kristol's meager intellectual contributions receive the same treatment. In common with mainstream neoconservative belief, Kristol sees America's problems as primarily cultural; his rare dalliance with such economic matters as antitrust enforcement takes this form:

There may be a few lawyers left in the Justice Department or the Federal Trade Commission who sincerely believe that such laws, if stringently enforced, could restore capitalism to something like its pristine individualist form. But it is much more probable that the lawyers who staff such government agencies launch these intermittent crusades . . . because they prefer such activity to mere idleness, and because they anticipate that a successful prosecution will enhance their professional reputations.

Trivializing the subject of power through phrases like "pristine individualist form" while ridiculing those who eschew such tactics—such is the style of Irving Kristol. The new power center in America that worries him is not corporate, but "the New Class" of intellectuals generated by the information revolution. Businessmen must be taught to be highly selective in employing such people. "One preliminary step," Kristol counseled the board of the Ford Foundation,

would be to decide not *to give money to support those activities of the New Class which are inimical to corporate survival. A more positive step, of course, would be for corporations to give support to those elements of the New Class—and they exist, if not in large numbers—which do believe in the preservation of a strong private sector. . . . 'How can we identify such people and discriminate intelligently among them?' corporate executives always inquire plaintively. Well, if you decide to go exploring for oil, you find a competent geologist. Similarly, if you wish to make productive investments in the intellectual and educational worlds, you find competent intellectuals and scholars—'dissident' members, as it were, of the New Class—to offer guidance.*

As Steinfels wryly notes, Kristol "stopped short of giving his address and telephone number," but plainly there is a yearning for power underlying the new movement.

And an overt fear of democracy as well, as Samuel Huntington makes clear. The republic's chief danger, as Huntington sees it, lies in unduly sanctioned American ideas, such as Al Smith's famous belief that "the only cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy." Writing in the Trilateral Commission's "Report on the Governability of Democracies," Huntington warned that "applying that cure at the present time could well be adding fuel to the flames. Instead, some of the problems of governance in the United States today stem from an excess of democracy."

A "democratic distemper" leading to a "democratic surge" in the late 1950s and 1960s generated "a substantial decrease in governmental authority" that can only be countered effectively by somehow reducing popular expressions of involvement, egalitarianism, and opposition. In the specific words of the Trilateral Commission, the problem is in "the inherent workings of the democratic process itself." Jefferson opened an enormous can of worms.

While perhaps passable in elite documents aimed at other policy professionals, such anti-democratic candor obviously cannot easily be carried very deeply into the popular culture itself. That delicate political task, gratefully assigned to the new movement's politicians like Pat Moynihan, quite obviously requires a certain flair. And it is here, on the specific political language the new conservatives are attempting to license in America, that Steinfels's study is most illuminating. As America's corporate-dominated foreign policy increasingly isolates this nation from the revolution of hope that has swept through the third world, neoconservative politics demands of its Moynihans that they supply a defense of "the United States in opposition." In Moynihan's *Commentary* article by that title, America's diplomatic difficulties are interpreted to flow from the "fact" that the third world has long been in the grip of a "British revolution" originally set in place by the Fabian socialists. Since most third world leaders and peoples have been wholly unaffected by the Fabians, this is an uncertain premise, but Moynihan uses it to forge an impression of third world unity and threat.

Moynihan's blustering pugnacity is evident in his general economic summary of the relationship of America to the erstwhile colonial nations. It is a hunkered-down language existing not in 1990, but right now:

I reject the proposition that . . . we are depriving other peoples of resources which rightfully belong to them. . . . The Third World must feed itself. . . . We repudiate the charge that we have exploited or plundered other countries, or that our own prosperity has ever rested on any such relationship.

Not in Pat's world did American Marines ever land in Nicaragua or United Fruit propagate a generation of Sandinistas. Still, however helpful Kristol and Moynihan may be in maintaining contacts with businessmen or with sundry working-class political constituencies, it is evident that the intellectual justification for neoconservatism must rest on other shoulders.

This duty has been willingly assumed by Daniel Bell. The principal dilemma that confronts Bell is a function of his underlying intention—which is to formulate a general theoretical analysis of American society. In three energetic works over the past 20 years—*The End of Ideology*, *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society*, and *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*—Bell has endeavored to shape a private political resignation into a broad conservative theory. His clear

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objective is to license a national agenda of sufficient narrowness that policy professionals in the social sciences might be able to try their hand at bringing stability to American politics.

Unfortunately, the sheer scope of his intention requires Bell to analyze the sources of power in American society and evaluate their impact on the culture itself. In the era of the corporate state, this would require him to inspect the economic implications of large-scale industrial combination, the political modes fashioned within the two-party system to further facilitate this centralization, the practical results in terms of permanent unemployment, income maldistribution, and all the other structural realities that have imposed themselves on every American president since McKinley. And this Bell cannot do. He cannot for the elementary reason that the practical purposes of the policy professionals require that the causes of the "cultural crisis" be placed elsewhere. The simple imperatives of the neoconservative position demand that Bell find a way to avoid dealing with the economic underpinnings of life in industrial America. In theoretical terms, the task thus becomes one of erecting an edifice of logic while starting construction on the second floor.

In widely scattered paragraphs in his three major books, Bell achieves his task of circumvention by pumping up a quick air bag of statistics. For example: "slightly more than 500 firms . . . account for 83 percent of all corporate assets." After this awkward but blessedly speedy recitation, Bell concludes, "corporate power clearly is the predominant power in the society, and the problem is how to limit it."

That is all. In Steinfels's words, "the problem seems to be resolved by the mere act of describing it." Bell is aware that "social responsibility" cannot exist in corporations if the people affected—"not just stockholders, but workers and consumers too"—are not somehow represented, but he declares this matter to be beyond his competence. Like the underlying problem of corporate centralization itself, this is a problem "that is not going to go away." It is "a question to be explored."

It is perhaps a measure of the theoretical achievements in contemporary social science that Bell's colleagues in the academy consider him as one of the country's "most prestigious contemporary American intellectuals." This interesting opinion indicates the scope of the widespread academic belief that certain political topics have become culturally inadmissible in the era of untrammelled corporate ascendancy. The policy professionals, far from assigning themselves the task of interpreting power in America, have made a pact with it. Indeed, this confluence is the theoretical basis of modern academic liberalism—providing, as it were, the "social science" base upon which the neoconservatives seek to build.

Once past the perils of first-floor architecture, Bell has little difficulty fashioning his structure of crisis and contradiction. In the floating scaffolding beyond ideology that is to house post-industrial capitalism, the threat to stability comes from the raucous demands of the unemployed. And from black Americans, employed or otherwise. And from women. And from the young generally. These people must be taught to tone down their hopes, to cease being "loud" and "imprecatory." They must dispense with "aggressive female sexuality" and other social manifestations of "the participation revolution." To a man who may, subconsciously at least, be aware of the structural vacuum on the first floor, these signs of popular aspiration constitute a disastrous "upheaval from below" that imperils the entire political system. A remarkable conclusion, considering the fact that in the year *Cultural Contradictions* was gestating in Bell's mind—1974—only 38 percent of the American people bothered to vote, a performance that was exactly duplicated in 1978 when the paperback edition of the book was published. Indeed, the massive depoliticization of American society, a long-term phenomenon that has gathered force over more than four generations, is no more a part of the cultural world of Daniel Bell than the legacy of colonialism is a part of the foreign policy world of Patrick Moynihan.

There are those among us—rather more outside the universities than within—who would observe that Bell's opinions about poor people, blacks, and females express an ancient mode of traditionalist analysis familiarly known as "blaming the victim." In Bell's view, it is specifically those who would suggest such an idea who are, at bottom, the ultimate threat to neoconservative stability. Warming to his Burkean conclusions, Bell points to the dangers of the "passion" with which misguided,

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status-conscious intellectuals generate "ideology" and thereby make societies ungovernable by policy professionals. It is precisely the rumblings of such "ideologues" that prevent the easy containment of discordant elements in American life. From this somewhat patronizing perspective, women, poor people, and black Americans are a lesser problem. The Men of Letters, after all these years, are still the chief threat to the republic.

All of which brings us to a final ingredient in the neoconservative outlook, one particularly noticeable in Daniel Bell: namely, the enormous psychological distance between his world of quiet libraries and academic cocktail parties and the continuing environment of frustration and degradation that surrounds black Americans. Under the general heading "Sources of Instability," Bell introduces the problem of "the blacks." It becomes at once apparent that Bell finds it hard even to characterize the aspirations of black people, however justified and repeatedly denied these aspirations have been, without adding in some sort of personal phrase of dissociation. Thus: "The drive of the blacks was and still is for inclusion in the society, even though many want it on their terms (e.g. an education adapted to 'black needs')." More basically (and in an ahistorical context that is breathtaking), Bell warns about the rise of "group rights."

> *By group rights, I refer to claims on the community which come to be decided on the basis of group membership rather than on that of individual attributes. The American value system has been predicated on the basis of individual achievement and equality of opportunity as given to individuals. In the past, various functional groups have been recognized as having collective character (e.g. trade unions) and rights were given to the group (e.g., a union shop). But these groups are voluntary associations, and a man loses those protections when he changes his status. The recent issues arise from the demands of blacks for rights as a 'property' of their color. . . . The blacks have moved from a claim of equality of opportunity to equality of result. And this can be obtained, they argue, only through special quotas, preferential hiring, compensatory education, and the like.*

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A rather high level of complacency clearly needs to be achieved to remain unaware, as Bell has, that no amount of "individual achievement" by a black American could result in a change in his "status" as a black American. Thanks to the pervasiveness of American racial assumptions, the "American value system" itself has been and remains a cultural conveyer of white supremacist presumptions. The "property of color" that Bell sees blacks improperly mobilizing as a basis for new "demands" is self-evidently less a demand than a group characteristic *imposed* on black Americans by white American racial attitudes. As hundreds of years of black experience in America have unrelentingly revealed, "individual" achievement cannot have significant effect until stigmas attached to the entire group have first been addressed.

Still, there is a quality of earnestness about Daniel Bell's years of theoretical striving that sets him apart from most of his neoconservative colleagues; and Steinfels is generously forgiving. The reason, one suspects, is the sheer range of Bell's interests and his awareness of the weaknesses in his thesis, even when he is bent on evading them.

Indeed, though Steinfels does not focus upon the matter in specific detail, Bell is capable of alluding to an economic time bomb, long ignored in American political discussions, and one that seems fated to explode in everyone's face in the 1980s. In Bell's last book, *The Cultural Contradictions of Capitalism*, two of the 282 pages hint at certain concrete realities about "the *economic* contradictions of capitalism"—specifically the heightening modern contradiction of double-digit inflation and rising unemployment. Buried in the middle of a paragraph on these two pages is a fateful discovery: "The change in (modern) banking laws allowed bank holding companies to extend, in rickety ways, the financial structure of the economy. But it was a highly leveraged economy—an economy built on a mountain of debt."

Characteristically, Bell goes not one step further into this looming financial peril, but at least the subject is allowed to peep into view. It would be proper to inspect it further, if only briefly; indeed, no discussion of potential national policy can possibly be adequate in scope without conceding the imminence of an unprecedented national banking crisis. For the better part of a decade now, the impending collapse of the American commercial banking system has been a steadily increasing prospect about which seemingly no nationally prominent figure wants to be the first to speak at length. The evasions so central to the neoconservatives are clearly not restricted to them. The abdication has been general. Who wants to tackle the elites of American banking?

As a consequence, not only has no alternative financial system been proposed, even as a future possibility, but the very subject of the nation's undemocratic and banker-centered monetary system is not remotely on the agenda of public discussion. Under such circumstances, the collapse of the old system—sometime in the 1980s, we may reasonably anticipate—will routinely be accommodated through a major depression that will enable much of the necessary capital readjustment to be paid for by awesome unemployment and by severe sacrifices by millions of working Americans. We can, in short, expect to go back to the 1930s and relive the pain all over again—albeit with the sober knowledge, lacking then, of the decisive limitations of the Keynesian remedy. Given the fact that the depression of the 1980s may well be considerably more drastic than the 1929 crash, retrenchment will be far more painful than most people believe. Such a result can scarcely be blamed on Daniel Bell or the neoconservatives in general. The absence of alternatives that by default returns the nation to the *status quo ante* will be largely the responsibility of the inactive progressive sector of the society—what it now seems historically accurate to describe as the resigned and intimidated sector.

The intricacies of creating an authentic and workable *democratic* monetary system to replace the collapsed system are of such a dimension that the matter will require prolonged discussion and debate, even among the advocates of such fundamental structural change. Indeed, it would presage the most profound alterations in power relationships in American society since the Industrial Revolution itself. But first, of course, the topic itself will somehow have to be placed on the national agenda. It is a task that necessarily must be inaugurated by those monetary specialists, political theorists, and national figures who can manage to forgo an intellectual pact with elite power in America. The issue measures the level of democratic aspiration we will allow ourselves.

We have not had much evidence of this kind of autonomous political thinking in recent decades. But there is hope.

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The economic specialists and political theorists are among us and the recent writings of some of them indicate they are getting ready for the task. Indeed, Peter Steinfels's book itself is noteworthy as one more addition to the list.

The stakes are rather high, to put it quietly. When the rickety structure goes, it is all going—not just New York banks, but provincial banks, the Federal Reserve System, and the American-conceived international monetary system as well. The Crash of 1929 was signaled by the recession of 1921. Some months deep into the recession of 1979, we may be certain of one thing: the clock is ticking. The price of banker control of the nation's monetary system over the past 100 years has been incalculable in terms of the cramped lives of hundreds of millions of Americans. During these many decades, the private banking system has been the central pivot in the centralization of American life. It has now given us not only an aimless two-party corporate politics, but it has drowned the culture itself in an ocean of fraudulent economic and political hucksterism and consumerism. The issue to be tested in the 1980s is whether or not the process has gone on so long that no substantial group of Americans remains undeadened, unresigned, unintimidated.

The neoconservatives have made it obvious they do not have the will for the effort. If the re-democratization of America is to follow from the economic crisis of the 1980s, the task will have to be carried out by others.

Lawrence Goodwyn

Lawrence Goodwyn is the author of *Democratic Promise: The Populist Movement in America* (Oxford University Press).

Marquand: An American Life by Millicent Bell

(Little, Brown—an Atlantic Monthly Press Book; $17.95)

John P. Marquand, in his life and in his fiction, shared the obsession common to many Americans, particularly of his generation, with the minutiae of social position. Like his contemporary, John O'Hara, he tended to see his fellow citizens in an alleged democracy as dominated by a distaste for the rung of the ladder on which they happened to find, or to imagine, themselves. Everyone to Marquand was always looking enviously up to the occupier of the rung immediately above, except presumably those on the very tip top, exalted Cabots or Adamses, who would stare contemptuously down, or complacently up at a neighborly deity. The lower lives were occupied with the making of invidious comparisons—had one gone to Groton, or to Andover, or to a military academy, or (perish the thought) to one's local high school? Did one belong to the Somerset Club, or the Racquet & Tennis, or New York Athletic, or the Elks? Did one "summer" in Manchester, or the Cape, or Newport, or Southampton, or did one stay in town and hide one's head?

Now, I am not so dull as to ignore the presence in many Americans of a lively sense of injustice at their own social slot, accompanied by a burning compulsion to climb to a higher one. Thousands of novels, including some of my own, have dealt with it. But it still seems to me possible, perhaps because writers are so sensitive to this kind of grievance, that, like the duel so favored of 19th-century novelists, it may loom even larger in fiction than in life. Because the Duc de Saint-Simon was a great and voluminous writer, we tend to see the age of Louis XIV as dominated by the struggle for precedence at court, whereas if we seek out the references to the angry little duke in the memoirs of his contemporaries we almost invariably find him described as a person comically obsessed with questions of rank. Is his journal, then, part fiction? And is the world of John P. Marquand a true picture of our own?

The answer to the last question seems to me to depend very much on Marquand's *donnée* in each book. When he selected for his subject the rigid hierarchy of Boston society in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and, later, that same society disintegrating in the postwar era, he produced two brilliant and illuminating novels: *The Late George Apley* and *H. M. Pulham Esquire*. In both of these the subject and the author's particular passion are happily wed. But when Marquand purports to extend himself to other aspects of the American scene, I find that, although he is always competent, his preoccupation with class invalidates some of his characterizations. I fail, for example, to see a general in his Melville Goodwin or a business tycoon in his Willis Wade. And I find faintly cloying the nostalgic and conventional heroes of *Point of No Return* and *B. F.'s Daughter*.

Millicent Bell perfectly sees all this, and she makes Marquand's concern—or neurosis—about his own social status the center of a profoundly researched biography. It is not unlike one of his novels. We see the young Marquand starting out in life with what many would consider signal advantages. He came of an old and distinguished family at Newburyport (Margaret Fuller was a great aunt); he had good looks and athletic ability; he went to Harvard; he fought bravely in the war, came back to an immediate literary success, and married a Sedgwick. But what was any of this to a determined neurosis? All that Marquand could see was that his father had lost the family fortune and that he himself had suffered the stigma of being a high school graduate at Harvard where the "better sort" had all gone to "prep school." If ever a man dwelt on his liabilities, it was he.

Yet his resentments contributed powerfully to his success. Marquand, throughout a long literary life, turned out a prodigious quantity of fiction, some of it serious, some of it less so, all of it popular. He made a fortune from his books, several of which were turned into successful plays and films; he received multitudinous awards and honorary degrees; he became the hero of his home town and a nationally known figure. His social career was equally brilliant: the most exclusive clubs flung open their doors to him, and his marriages made him close kin not only to the Sedgwicks but to the Rockefellers.

Millicent Bell's massively documented book becomes a kind of morality tale to prove the simplest of theses: that an inferiority complex, being a product of the psyche, cannot be cured by success, which is a product of the mind, for the inferiority complex can always be counted on to keep one step ahead of any achievement. What were wealth and

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honors to a Marquand who was quick to perceive that the more esteemed literary critics withheld their praise? He was like a Roman general in a triumph. Behind him in the chariot rode a man who kept whispering in his ear that he was only dust.

Reading through this biography, one begins to be faintly appalled by the clinical exactitude with which Millicent Bell unravels the long and not very happy life of her subject. There are details that one would almost rather not know. If a man is a Balzac or a Tolstoy, perhaps it behooves us to study every wart on his nose. But I wonder if we need to learn that the author of *Sincerely Willis Wade* vowed eternal love to one

photo of Marquand by Marie S. Newberry

woman while his first marriage was crumbling, only to turn away from her when divorce had freed him, and then proceeded to do exactly the same thing to another woman when his second marriage was similarly disintegrating. And I wonder what it does for a reader to know how unfeelingly he treated the children of his second marriage. Well, anyway, there it all is, and I absolutely trust Millicent Bell's account of it. It is difficult to imagine that anyone else will have to write a life of Marquand. But I found him a charming man on the few occasions when I met him, and I tend to regret the blurring of my image. It does not seem to me that he was quite important enough to be limned in such detail.

It is certainly arguable that any life merits study in depth, and I may be out of line in questioning a biographer's thoroughness, but I doubt that many would argue that the trivia of day-to-day living and traveling (oh, the traveling in our time!) are of much interest. Millicent Bell spares us none of even Marquand's lesser books or trips, and the latter are no more interesting than the annual excursions of our friends whose slides we are compelled to view with becoming patience.

When I finished the book, I decided to reread *Apley* and *Pulham* to remind myself of the intense pleasure that I had once owed to Marquand. It was well worth it. The satire is effective but gentle, because Marquand so deeply admired the world at which he chose to pick fun. At times both books become almost sentimental. But Marquand just avoids this pitfall. George Apley is at times hard and harsh, as when he requires a cousin to exhume a misplaced corpse in the family lot, and Pulham is at times perilously close to being an ass. But there is a pathos about the essential good will of each hero which puts Marquand much closer to William Dean Howells than he ever was to Sinclair Lewis. One might say that he had Howell's heart and Lewis's reporter's eye. It is not a bad combination. He wrote of the men he essentially would have liked to have been. It is a pity he did not become more like them.

Millicent Bell has made a well-deserved reputation with her work on Henry James, Edith Wharton, and Hawthorne. She has done all that a biographer could do for Marquand. But there is nothing in her book that sheds any light on Marquand's fiction. That may be because no light is needed; the novels present themselves clearly and unambiguously. I simply hope that her next subject will be one where a knowledge of the author's life will somehow amplify and not simply confirm the significance of his product.

Louis Auchincloss

Louis Auchincloss practices law in New York City and is the author of many books. His most recent book is *Persons of Consequence: Queen Victoria and Her Circle* (Random House).

Brother to Dragons: A Tale in Verse and Voices A New Version by Robert Penn Warren

(Random House; $8.95)

Warren's *Brother to Dragons: A Tale in Verse and Voices* was published in 1953. A quarter century later, he gives us a new version that is, as he says, "a new work." His poetic style changed radically with *Incarnations: Poems 1966–1968*, a change that continues in his increasingly distinguished canon of poems. He stands now, at almost 75, as our most impressive living poet because of his work since 1966. Reading *Brother to Dragons* in this new version, side by side with the 1953 text, is an instructive experience, particularly in regard to the vexed problem of poetic revisionism. The famous dictum of Valéry, that a poem is never finished but is abandoned, is severely tested by Warren's rigorous reworking of his longest poem.

I myself was one of the readers, previously cold to Warren's verse, who converted to him on the basis of *Incarnations* and the subsequent long poem *Audubon: A Vision*. Reading *Brother to Dragons* in 1953, I was made uneasy, acknowledged the poem's vigor, disliked its ideological tendentiousness, and gloomily admired the Jacobean intensity of its more violent passages. The poem seemed then a good enough extension of the tradition of T. S. Eliot, sounding at times the way Eliot sounded when he was deliberately closest to Webster and Tourneur. Warren's quite explicit argument seemed to be another churchwardenly admonition that original sin was indeed the proper moral burden for *our* poetry. Thus, poor Jefferson received a massive drubbing, for being an Enlightened rationalist, and the drubber, a tough interlocutor named R.P.W., prodded the author of the Declaration of Independence into saying: ". . . I once tried to contrive / a form I thought fit to hold the purity of man's hope. / But I did not understand the nature of things." The nature of things was that Jefferson's nephew, wielding a meat-axe, had butchered a 16-year-old black slave, in December 1811, for

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having broken a pitcher belonging to his deceased mother, Jefferson's sister. In his "Foreword" Warren dismissed with polemical gusto the evident fact that Jefferson never referred to this family debacle:

> *If the moral shock to Jefferson caused by the discovery of what his own blood was capable of should turn out to be somewhat short of what is here represented, subsequent events in the history of America, of which Jefferson is the spiritual father, might still do the job.*

A reader more Jeffersonian and Emersonian than Warren was could be forgiven for muttering, back in 1953, that if there was something nasty in the meat-house, there was something pretty nasty in the "Foreword" also. But I too am a quarter century older now, the age indeed that Warren was when he first published the poem. I am not any happier with the implicit theology and overt morality of *Brother to Dragons* than I was, but subsequent events have done the job all right, to the degree that I am not tempted to mutter my protest anymore. Warren does seem to me the best poet we have now, and the enormous improvement in the poem's rhetorical force is evident upon almost every page. I am never going to love this poem, but I certainly respect it now, and a poem that can overcome one's spiritual distaste probably has its particular value for other readers in my generation besides myself.

The difference in the tale comes in both verse and voices, especially in the voice of R.P.W., which has an authority and resonance that little in the 1953 text prophesied. I could argue back at what seemed only another Eliotician, but I just want to listen to this sublime sunset hawk of 1979:

> *. . . and lift our eyes up*
> *To whatever liberating perspective,*
> *Icy and pure, the wild heart may command,*
> *And so the glimmering night scene under*
> *The incalculable starlight serves*
> *As an image of lethal purity—*
> *Infatuate glitter of a land of Platonic ice.*

In the 1953 version those six and a half lines appeared as eight and a half and between the "lethal purity" and "Infatuate glitter" came, most tendentiously, "the incessant / And whirling dream of desperate innocence." Warren now trusts his reader to interpret the trope of the passage's final line on his own, and a poem of 216 pages has been reduced to 133. In the central poem of *Incarnations*, "The Leaf," Warren had celebrated being blessed by a new voice "for the only / Gift I have given: *teeth set on edge.*" This grim Biblical trope epitomizes the ethos and the style of Warren in his major phase, and is realized in the new *Brother to Dragons*. Our teeth are set on edge by the harsh power of this verse.

Warren, in his revised "Foreword," asserts that the dramatic effects of his poem have been sharpened, which is true, particularly in the exchanges between Jefferson and R.P.W., where the poet no longer maintains a rhetorical advantage over the president. That Warren is still dreadfully unjust to Jefferson could go unsaid, except that I fear no one else is going to say it. If presidents were morally responsible for their nephews, then our twice-born incumbent would have to confront a parody of Warren's dramatic situation, since I believe a son of one of President Carter's sisters is currently serving an extended term for armed robbery.

Warren might argue that his sense of Jefferson's greatness is dialectically demonstrated throughout the poem, in much the same way as there is a projection of Emerson's adversary power in the ironic sequence "Homage to Emerson, on Night Flight to New York," which preceded the *Incarnations* volume. Still uneasy with his ideological ferocity, I content myself here with expressing admiration for the revisionary skill and intellectual persistence he has shown in this new *Brother to Dragons*. There is a greater Warren, the poet of "Evening Hawk," "Sunset Walk in Thaw-Time in Vermont," "Red-Tail Hawk and Pyre of Youth," and scores of other visions of an authentic American sublime, including *Audubon* and the work in progress, a volume intended for his 75th birthday. That greater Warren compels homage, and has transcended his polemics against Jefferson and Emerson.

Harold Bloom

Harold Bloom's current book is a novel, *The Flight to Lucifer: A Gnostic Fantasy* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

The Sadeian Woman and the Ideology of Pornography by Angela Carter

(Pantheon; $7.95)

If women comprise virtually none of the pornography-buying market, it is because we understand pornography very well, as the victim of the Harrow in Kafka's penal colony understands the message being carved on his flesh. Such an understanding is the basis of the current feminist campaign against pornography, but the same concern can be seen in writings by Simone de Beauvoir (*Must We Burn Sade?*, 1962) and Susan Sontag ("On Pornography," in *Partisan Review*, Spring 1967), although both approached pornography solely as a metaphor for political and aesthetic freedom. Unfortunately, this metaphorical focus too often ignored the (sometimes muted) "testimony" of those who have been enslaved—namely women—in order to demonstrate the importance of these freedoms.

For the feminist thinker, any examination of Sade must revolve around the question: was he writing a sexual "Modest Proposal" to expose the totalitarian violence at the heart of all sexist structures, the source of tyranny itself? Or did he genuinely believe that unrestrained sexual practices, even unto murderous extremes, are liberating not only for men but for women—and if so, liberating by whose standards? Regrettably, neither de Beauvoir nor Sontag addressed herself to these questions. It's ironic that their perspectives were limited by precisely the denial of such a feminist "bias," for fear, I imagine, that it would make their analyses sound polemical.

This is an error Angela Carter has had the courage to avoid in her book on Sade. She knows that all pornography is propaganda—ostensibly propaganda for sexual activity but actually propaganda for sexist activity—since it reinforces stereotypes while denying their political origin. She understands that "pornography serves . . . to reinforce the prevailing system of values . . . ; when it does not, it is banned." (So much for contemporary pornography as the literature of the anti-establishment.)

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Furthermore, Carter recognizes that pornography assumes and propagates the notion that a brutal human nature cannot be modified by social change.

Sade's importance in the history of pornography is undeniable, not only because of the claims made for him as a philosopher, a *litterateur*, but also because he had pretensions to political theory. Carter sees him as "descriptive and diagnostic," and analyzes him as, in turn, a utopian, an atheist, an aristocrat *and* revolutionary, a self-proclaimed "feminist"—and a practicing misogynist. But Carter understates certain alarming details of Sade's life since she is at pains to prove that his writings were both Swiftian in intent and fantastical in conception—not reflections of his actual behavior. This is the only place she bends the facts to accommodate her thesis, but it is a serious flaw in the book, since current arguments exploring correlations between pornography and rape center on just that kind of frequently dismissed or hidden data.

Carter is better at dissecting Sade's so-called pro-feminism: on the one hand, Sade urges women to sexual libertinage, so that, as Carter writes, "powered by their . . . sexual energy they will be able to fuck their way into history and, in doing so, change it." Yet elsewhere she notes that "The Sadeian woman . . . subverts only her own socially conditioned role. . . . She does not subvert society," especially since "it is upon the women of the upper classes . . . that the licentious wrath of the libertines falls most heavily." Far from any promised empowering of women, the aim is to degrade women, particularly those women whose class credentials permit even the *illusion* of power. To express sexual energy in such a setting is to collaborate in one's victimization, or to settle for a false table-turning of sexual cruelties.

Carter is at her intelligent best when unearthing Sade's true attitude toward women—not so simple a task, since his intellectual trappings of rational egalitarianism can be even more misleading than other brands of misogyny, including the opposite one—the sentimental mystification of woman as "The Other." Still, beneath all that Voltairean reason lies the cliché madonna-whore dichotomy, carried to a Manichean extreme. This is most evident in two of Sade's heroines, the sisters Justine and Juliette. The first is an eternal ingenue, a mawkish, passive personification of victimized virtue; the second is a worldly opportunist, cynical, witty, the manipulative token woman or, as Carter aptly notes, the perfect "*Cosmopolitan* girl." Yet neither Justine's repressed sexuality and "honor" nor Juliette's self-indulgent libido and "reason" are viewed in a realistic social context—and neither feels a bond with other women. Thus, at a stroke, the humanity of female persons is erased and depoliticized: the erasure, by reduction to fixed stereotypes (rather a Calvinistic *coup* for an atheist like Sade); the depoliticization, by isolating each act of suffering from every other and from the cause, patriarchal power.

Carter goes even deeper, to reveal an attitude that is, I believe, near the core of all pornography. This is the profound hatred of the mother, not in a simplistic Freudian sense, but as metaphor for disgust with life itself—with birth, nurturance, and emotional maturity. In

BEYOND THE SECOND LANDING

The stairs are winding up
beyond the first landing, over
the little nest of rooms
where the fledglings curl warm under
quilts, past the spacious attic room
where dust and the sun dance
in concert every afternoon, the motes
floating down as the stairs climb up
into the well of light, into the twisted branches
of the trees.
Here, the footing gets
tricky, the spiral tightens but
the breathing is easier; everything
lightens. The cobwebs brush your face,
you break through clouds—the blue
astounds you.
You are standing
on the second landing, cobalt
laced with light. There are no bearings
you can take; it is too bright
for stars, and the sun turns away
even a sidelong glance. You only know
how high you are from the birds
circling below like particles of dust
whirled in the light.
The change
is imperceptible at first—the slightest shift
of air, the stairs grow strange
under your feet, the railing
slowly roughens like a branch
of coral lightly furred with green, soft,
as the hair of the newly born, sweet
to the fingertips. The blue deepens
as you climb toward night, thickens
till it is too dense to tell
from sea; you pass like a needle
through deep velvet, threading your way
up until you reach
acorns of light
hung among the highest branches,
swaying easy in the wind.
Your hand
still reaching up, encounters nothing;
the elements themselves support you—
a boat scrapes on the beach. You make
the landing. The earth
you climbed so far to reach
is under your feet.

Eleanor Wilner

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the Sadeian world (which is tragically like our own), women are seen as possessors of the sacred womb, and so can be subjected to atrocities, since nothing can defile the sacred. Wives and mothers especially "incite" violent rage: they threaten by evoking such emotions as love. But not only does Sade find love intolerable, the fact of generation itself appalls him—and not for reasons of overpopulation. Since the Sadeian libertine pursues sensation as shock rather than as feeling, he ultimately seeks death. To him, the mother is unforgivable because she has "thoughtlessly, needlessly, inflicted life."

For this reason, sterility, anality, masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus, and homosexuality are all disproportionately recurring (and abused) themes in Sade (and in most pornography). Furthermore, the characters are often prepubertal and post-menopausal women, and men acting as female impersonators. It is as if the female capable of conception (or, for that matter, capable of *preventing* conception—but for her own purposes) were the ultimate terror, the taboo of her womb-power so great that she must be denied all other powers. If she were to be seen in her simple mortality, then not just god but the mystification of god—and of life and death—would be dead. Carter hypothesizes that this is why female emancipation frightens so many people: "It represents the final secularization of mankind."

But then, noting this "holy terror" of life and love, Carter stops. It is as if she labored for two-thirds of her book to define Sade, pornography, even patriarchy, only to confront the central question *why*—and then skim over it. Is this a failure of nerve? One might hope that a second volume would follow, picking up where this left off.

Still, even as it stands, *The Sadeian Woman* is a well-written and important, if at times frustrating, contribution to thinking about sexual politics, the reality of pornography as propaganda for violence, and the intellectual pretensions—both dramatic *and* banal—of evil.

Robin Morgan

Robin Morgan's most recent books are *Lady of the Beasts: Poems* (Random House) and *Going Too Far: The Personal Chronicle of a Feminist* (Random House and Vintage Paperbacks).

The Irony of Vietnam: The System Worked
by Leslie H. Gelb and Richard K. Betts

(Brookings Institution; $11.95, $4.95 paper)

Leslie Gelb and Richard Betts have written an informed, splendidly researched analysis of United States involvement with Indochina since 1940. It is apparently the first scholarly work of any scope to draw upon newly available portions of the Pentagon Papers dealing with secret negotiations, as well as upon the White House files relating to Vietnam from the Johnson and Kennedy libraries. It is thus a valuable, if inevitably depressing, account that will serve historians and—one hopes—guide policymakers in the years to come.

The book is not so much history as an effort to prove the thesis of the title—that "the irony of Vietnam" is that "the system worked." In this endeavor, the authors are not altogether successful. They present the paradox of a foreign policy that failed and a domestic decision-making system that worked, and so they are surely right in a literal sense: containment of communism—the prevention of a communist victory—was consistently pursued for 25 years in Indochina, supported by a national consensus that permitted successive presidents neither to do enough to "win," nor to pull out and thus "lose"—until we lost in 1975. What the authors mean when they say "the system worked" is that "the bureaucratic system did what it was supposed to: select and implement means to a given

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end." That may be a respectable defense of the bureaucracy, although it is vulnerable to the "good German" analogy. But surely it cannot exonerate "the system" when it is defined to include the national political leadership in the White House, the Congress, and the Fourth Estate. The authors seem to oscillate unwittingly between the broad and narrow definitions of that term, which does not help their case.

And one wonders, reflecting on this thesis, what is unique about a situation where national leaders follow perceived political imperatives and where parliament, bureaucracy, and the press steadfastly follow after them until the costs of folly (political, economic, social, moral) force a change. The French political leaders, reinforced by the centralized French bureaucracy, were fixed on a policy of retaining the French colonial empire in Indochina until its staggering costs produced a revolt in French public opinion. Similarly, when the British (in collaboration with France and Israel) made their disastrous 1956 attack on the Suez Canal, they were pursuing a consensual goal of British foreign policy; there were muffled objections in the Foreign Office, but no resignations from the Cabinet; and though the British military forces were inefficient, they were not rebellious. The roof fell in, but the system worked.

It is true, as the authors argue, that the judgment that Vietnam was "vital" to US national security after the communist victory in China and the onset of the Korean War, set the course for our deepening involvement. It was a judgment based both on a fear that the evil ideology would flow like a contagious lava out of China carrying all before it, and on the domestic nightmare of a new era of McCarthyism arising from the "loss" of yet another country to communism. Thereafter, however, "the system worked" by never reexamining either premise, by never measuring goals against costs, and by never making even a horseback estimate of what the outer limits of cost might be. The political imperative of preventing a "communist victory" seemed categorical, and was reinforced by the assumption that the United States was endlessly rich—not only in dollars and technology, but also in the social resilience necessary to subordinate all other political objectives to the perpetual containment of communism on a distant peninsula.

The resulting consensus was sustained by a multitude of sins and accidents. Among these were: the dramatic overstatement of US security interests in Vietnam; a public linking of Ho Chi Minh with the Kremlin and a willful refusal to recognize the overwhelmingly nationalist character of his movement; falsely optimistic reports on the progress of French military and political policy before 1954; deliberate violation of the Geneva Accords to circumvent the all-Vietnam elections and to reinforce Diem with military equipment and advisers and blatantly false reports about the progress of the American advisory effort over the next 10 years. After our own large-scale military intervention in 1965, Lyndon Johnson helped to hold the consensus together by deliberately concealing the real cost of the escalation from Congress (in an effort to tranquilize public opinion and preserve the Great Society programs), while the military services contributed by deliberately falsifying battle reports and bombing results in order to embellish their reputations for "can-do" competence. All of these actions persuade Gelb and Betts that "the system worked."

In fairness to the authors, they are entirely aware of the gross transgressions of logic and truth that were necessary to keep the system working, and they quote aptly from Kafka's *The Trial* that "it is not necessary to accept everything as true, one must only accept it as necessary." Accepting the necessity of not reexamining the premise of Vietnam's "vitalness," "the system" did doggedly soldier on without serious internal dissent until the Tet Offensive of early 1968. That event forced an end to escalation, yet even then the sleight-of-hand, Nixon-Kissinger mix of withdrawal and aggressive application of air power maintained the semblance of tacit public support for an American presence in Vietnam for another seven years. Then the bottom fell out.

The authors seem to regard the entire period (1940-75) as a policy continuum, and thus treat our quantum jump in 1965 as merely a logical response to an upping of the ante by Hanoi. To stay in the game of "not losing," it was necessary that we do more. This is literally true, of course, but it passes too lightly over the larger truth that 1965 saw a dramatic break in the spectrum, for the creation of a situation in which American soldiers and airmen were dying in large numbers inevitably imposed severe new strains on the national consensus, and hastened the reexamination of policy premises that had been tacitly acceptable so long as the cost was payable in the bloodless coin of financial assistance.

The period 1964-65 was in fact a watershed opportunity (at least as great as that presented at the time of the Geneva Accords in 1954 or of the Diem assassination in 1963) for the United States to reexamine its case and negotiate out. But two new factors caused us to take the other fork in the road. The first was Lyndon Johnson who, unlike Kennedy, was in foreign affairs a true believer in anti-communism. The second was the availability of newly organized, dazzlingly equipped, mobile conventional forces, designed precisely for the "limited war contingency" for which Vietnam seemed to represent the quintessential test case. This new military capability surely emboldened the advisers whom Johnson had inherited from Kennedy, and convinced the president himself that he could probably have both the war and his Great Society programs. No one appeared to sense that committing American troops to large-scale battle was creating a political imperative to make decisive progress swiftly, or else

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lose public support for the policy.

The authors strongly discount the importance of this new military capability, arguing that "precluding options by limiting capabilities puts the cart before the horse." But the availability of a ready force made all the difference. If the Johnson decision to intervene had depended upon asking Congress to raise a new army for a campaign in Vietnam, he could not have escaped a basic reexamination of the premises underlying policy, and a vigorous debate on cost vs. goals. Eisenhower, who did not want to intervene in 1954, was greatly assisted in his struggle with Admiral Radford, Vice President Nixon, and other warhawks by insisting that Congress share the responsibility and by the fact that his stringent military budget, built around nuclear "massive retaliation," did not provide a ready expeditionary force. But Johnson did not have to ask Congress. The forces were ready, indeed eager to test the limited war doctrine. And in truth he introduced them with such a degree of stealth as to mislead the American people and present them with a *fait accompli* after three months.

One should not overlook the irony of Lyndon Johnson, Supreme Legislator and Pillar of The System, making the system work by evading the constitutional requirement to consult the Congress and to seek from it, if not a declaration of war, then at least support for a policy of war.

This book has intrinsic historical value, but one might be skeptical about the validity of its central thesis.

Townsend Hoopes

Townsend Hoopes is president of the Association of American Publishers and author of *The Limits of Intervention* (McKay).

The Man-Eating Myth: Anthropology and Anthropophagy by W. Arens

(Oxford University Press; $9.95)

This short and eminently readable book is the product of W. Arens's painstaking review of virtually all the historical and ethnographic literature on the subject of anthropophagy—better known as cannibalism. Arens, an anthropologist at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, has come up with a remarkable conclusion that challenges the assumptions of many widely respected scholars, including Margaret Mead, Claude Lévi-Strauss, and two Nobel laureates, as well as scores of lesser authorities dating back to Herodotus. No one, in Arens's judgment, has recorded a credible, first-hand account of a culture in which cannibalism is a socially accepted practice—although there are many well-documented reports of cannibalism under survival conditions.

Because Arens thinks all the evidence about anthropophagic cultures is inconclusive, he finds it curious that the "man-eating myth" is nonetheless almost universally unquestioned. Arens wonders in particular why anthropologists—with their supposedly rigorous scientific standards of verification—have been so easily persuaded by flimsy evidence that people in remote times and places have eaten one another.

In studying the most prominent cases of purportedly cannibalistic cultures, Arens has found, for the most part, only second- and third-hand accounts, circumstantial evidence, and unconfirmed rumors and suspicions. In the vast majority of reports, the actual act of eating flesh took place just outside the observer's temporal or spatial field of vision—and that is not what Arens considers good, solid scientific evidence for an act that is "by definition . . . an observable phenomenon." Now, God only knows how many first-hand observers of cannibalism did not survive to tell the tale, but Arens never considers that the occupational hazards of field work might explain the dearth of eyewitness accounts. Nevertheless, Arens has a point here: anthropological "scientists" have lowered their standards of evidence insofar as they have accepted these indirect reports as authoritative.

There are, however, several accounts on record that *are* apparently based on first-hand observation, and their authors describe the anthropophagic act in full and gory detail. But Arens finds reasons to doubt the credibility of these primary sources, based not so much on the ambiguity of the evidence as on his speculations about the ulterior motives observers might have had in believing—or in deluding the folks back home into believing—that they had stumbled on a culture so barbaric that they ate human flesh. For example, Arens suggests it was convenient for 16th-century Spanish authorities to think the Aztecs were cannibals because it legitimized the conquistadors' brutal treatment of them; or that European explorers of the New World beefed up their stories because their published travelogues sold better when filled with exotic and colorful detail.

This sort of speculation is not consistently convincing. One could probably construct some such explanation for why a witness to *any* phenomenon might have an interest in distorting the truth of what he actually saw. In some cases, Arens can give

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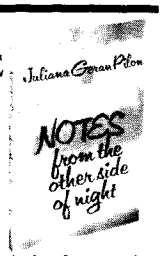

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substantive grounds for doubting a report's veracity: Hans Staden's 16th-century travelogue, for example, alleges that the South American Tupinamba Indians were cannibals, but his "evidence" includes verbatim accounts of natives' conversations—discussions carried out in a language Staden could not possibly have understood. But for many cases Arens has to go to great and implausible lengths to cast doubt on a source's credibility, as when he dismisses an earlier report of Brazilian cannibals on trivial and tangential grounds: "[T]he written detail is self-contradictory, since it states that the Indians both go about naked and wear gems and feathers."

The difficulty Arens has discrediting many of the first-hand sources is the most conspicuous weakness of his whole argument. His fellow anthropologists will probably be unpersuaded by Arens's skepticism—as he admits, how one reads the evidence often boils down to "cast of mind"—or they will respond by trotting out their favorite cannibal tribe as one overlooked by Arens's selective review of the evidence. It's too bad he invites this kind of reaction, because once he gets beyond nit-picking about his colleagues' research, Arens has some thought-provoking things to say about why men are so prone to believe in the existence of cannibals.

Arens observes that people throughout history have tended to assume the worst about foreign and mysterious cultures: almost every society in history has been accused by someone of being cannibalistic. Africans believed Europeans were man-eaters; the Aztecs suspected the Spanish were cannibals, and vice versa; the Mexican Chamula Indians thought anthropophagy was a way of life in California; the Romans accused the early Christians, the Christians accused the Jews; and so on. Whether or not there are verifiable cases of man-eating cultures among this plethora of accusation and counter-accusation, it is interesting that the belief that "others" are cannibals has been so widespread. It suggests that the *idea* of cannibalism has some special meaning and function for human societies. Arens gives some sketchy theories about this—referring, for example, to the need to create "cultural boundaries" between "us" and "them."

Unfortunately, Arens does not dwell on these speculations because he is more interested in why anthropologists—the real villains of the story—have been so credulous about the existence of cannibals. With their scientific authority and monopoly of knowledge of esoteric cultures, anthropologists have perpetuated the man-eating myth for insidious reasons of their own. Their professional *raison d'être* depends on the notion of cultural relativism—the belief that customs fundamentally different from our own civilized ways will be found in the study of primitive societies. Therefore, Arens argues,

> *anthropology has a clear-cut vested interest in maintaining some crucial cultural boundaries—of which the cannibalistic boundary is one—and constantly reinforcing the subjective conclusions about the opposition between the civilized and savage.*

The old "vested interest" argument is a very appealing way of explaining the existence of evil and ignorance in the world, especially, in this case, for those who think academics spend more time and energy justifying their own existence than in the selfless pursuit of truth. But Arens's argument smacks a little too much of academic ax-grinding. It vastly overstates the case to imply that anthropologists' whole professional identity is at stake in their belief in cannibals. There are plenty of other well-documented social practices which could justify a commitment to cultural relativism—ritual human sacrifice, for example, is as foreign and repugnant to Western sensibilities as cannibalism.

In pressing his indictment of anthropologists' self-interest, Arens gives short shrift to the more intriguing questions about the man-eating myth. It may well be that the idea of cannibalism has a peculiar and unique significance for us all, not just for anthropologists: it epitomizes our notion of the uncultured, the anti-social, the sub-human, in a way that no other practice, real or imagined, does.

Janet Hook

Janet Hook is an assistant editor at *The Public Interest*.

The Letters of D.H. Lawrence: Volume I, 1901-1913 edited by James T. Boulton

(Cambridge University Press; $29.50)

In a major venture, Cambridge University Press is publishing all the extant letters of D. H. Lawrence. Seven volumes of text and one grand index are to appear. The first volume of the series has just been released to coincide with the 94th anniversary of Lawrence's birth on September 11, and let me say at once that it is a handsomely produced and prodigiously researched volume, replete with maps, geneologies, and chronologies. It is annotated with care, yet also with imagination and verve. And it sports a striking cover, all black and white and red around a haunting portrait of the red-haired, red-bearded Lawrence. In short, it is a book to handle and look at as well as to read.

This first volume, which takes Lawrence from age 16 to age 28, has no subtitle. But the editors could easily have called it "Lawrence in Love," since its chief biographical interest is to document Lawrence's relationships with the remarkable women who, as he put it, "backed" him in his early career and thereby steeled his faith in his vocation. Since his mother was the first woman in his life, in every sense of the word, it is an epistolary calamity that none of his letters to her—and he wrote every week over one two-year stretch—have survived. We are left to guess at their relation from his portrait of her as Mrs. Morel in *Sons and Lovers*, and from such hints as this, thrown out in a letter shortly after her death: "We have loved each other almost with a husband and wife love, as well as filial and maternal. . . . It has been terrible, and has made me, in some respects, abnormal." Abnormal? Certainly their intense connection left him with a power of feeling and desire far out of the ordinary. This, I suspect, is Mrs. Lawrence's legacy to her son; and as a vivacity of statement, an expressive current of love, it quickens every page he wrote, and courses through each of these 580 letters.

If Mrs. Lawrence lit the central fire of his genius, it was Jesse Chambers, his

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childhood sweetheart in rural Eastwood, who launched Lawrence's literary career by sending—apparently on her own hook—several of his poems to *The English Review*. The *Review* published the poems, but Lawrence soon dropped Jessie, who had been his fiancée for six years. On the evidence of these letters it is hard to say why, but it clearly bodes ill for her when he begins to write in this vein:

> *When I look at you, what I see is not the kissable and embraceable part of you, although it is so fine to look at, with the silken toss of hair curling over your ears. What I see is your deep spirit within. That I love and can go on loving all my life. . . . Look you are a nun, I give you what I would give a holy nun. So you must let me marry a woman I can kiss and embrace and make the mother of my children. . . . The anguish that impinges on you now comes only from your association with me. Once you have passed out of my orbit life holds nothing but sunshine for you, of that I am convinced.*

The sop at the end, about her life turning sunny without him, is painful. We can forgive Lawrence for being a cad; it is his being such a clichéd cad that disappoints. It helps to remember that he was only 23.

Since Lawrence has had his say on Jessie, it is only fair to hear from her on the subject of him. So here in a 1913 letter to a friend is Jessie in a bitter mood:

> *I may as well tell you, unless you already know, that ever since he has been abroad he has been living with a married woman. They are accepted as man and wife. Her divorce is to be heard shortly. I don't suppose you are very surprised. Please, please, digest it quickly and get over it before I come. I am sick, sick to death of David and all that concerns him.*

An odd note about this letter: its recipient, Helen Corke, had also been a former lover of Lawrence's, which is why Jessie urges her to get over the news quickly. Poor Jessie. Poor Helen. And poor Louie Burrows, who, after Agnes Holt, takes their place.

Louie was a classmate of Lawrence's at University College, Nottingham, where, interestingly, she got the better grades in English. A suffragette, she introduced Lawrence to some prominent figures in the women's movement with whom he went on to have the most lively correspondence in this collection. She also co-authored one of Lawrence's first published stories. In December 1910, only a month after breaking with Jessie and just days after his mother's death, Lawrence proposed. The engagement lasted two years. During that time Louie taught school in Nottingham, near Lawrence's boyhood home in Eastwood, while Lawrence endured the same fate in Croydon, a suburb of London. Abruptly, in February 1912, Lawrence broke off the engagement. The reason: he had met Frieda Weekley. The first mention of her is a one-line letter dated 20 March, 1912 which says, epochally: "You are the most wonderful woman in all England."

Literature owes a great deal to the mother of D. H. Lawrence, but its account with Frieda Weekley is harder to square. My own bias should be confessed; her unconventionality is too self-conscious for my tastes. It seems typical of her, for example, that while reading the Bible one evening she should burst out, "I rather like Christ!," rather as if she knew that Lawrence would boast of her perkiness to his literary friends. (Which of course he did; this bright saying was duly quoted in a letter to Edward Garnett.) Nevertheless, when Frieda comes on the scene in these letters, you can see the difference she made to Lawrence. His prose, always energetic, becomes even more vigorous; his seriousness deepens; his confidence swells. On the other hand, he begins to talk that familiar rot about the superiority of the "blood" to the head; and if, earlier, he had written a correspondent, "I am conceited, but not lofty," now a note of sententiousness begins to creep into his letters. There is a tendency to see his own life as normative, a preachiness about himself which the younger Lawrence would have gently mocked away. Months after eloping with Frieda, Lawrence has become a man with a message. He and Frieda are happy, so now the world must be told how they did it. It is the didactic note that grates in his novels; grates, yes, but also goes to make them great works of moral thought.

Frieda Weekley and Lawrence met in February or March of 1912, while Lawrence was in Eastwood recuperating from an attack of pneumonia. Eight weeks later they eloped to Germany, leaving Frieda's three children and Ernest Weekley behind. Poor Ernest. He had been Lawrence's French teacher at Nottingham College; one day he received this letter from his former pupil:

> *I love your wife and she loves me. I am not frivolous or impertinent. Mrs. Weekley is*

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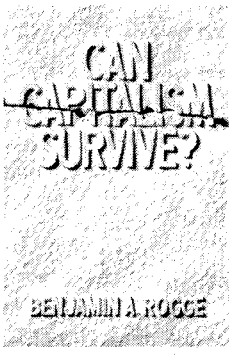

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afraid of being stunted and not allowed to grow, and so she must live her own life. All women in their natures are like giantesses. They will break through everything and go on with their own lives. The position is one of torture for us all.

This volume ends with Lawrence and Frieda about to return to England from their year's stay in Europe. It was, all in all, a wearying trip. Frieda's high-born German family, the Von Richthofens, took Ernest Weekley's part. Lawrence they scorned as a beggarly writer. (Yet they were aristocrats enough to be fascinated by his bohemianism.) Lawrence was

Sick to death of the bother,—Weekley whining bullying threatening, the Von Richthofen lot funking and trying to boss and being rather nice,—bother and worry and sentiments and harrowings from week-end to week-end. The only bit of real peace we get is when we are both asleep, touching each other. Of all this, nothing has been really worth it but the nights in the little bed where we sleep together.

For her part, Frieda warmed herself by the blaze of her English genius, who despite his complaints wrote like a dervish the whole time, and was happy. "Life is good with him. Yes and it's love, but thank the Lord *passion* as well—It has really been a success, in spite of the misery left behind, in spite of always missing the children." Still, Frieda needed diversion, so she seduced a young visitor, Herbert Hobson (son of J. A. Hobson, the political writer) during the couple's walking trip down to Italy. Lawrence found out, but he didn't mind for as he wrote to Weekley, "Mrs. Weekley must live largely and abundantly. It is her nature." Whatever had the sanction of nature, as opposed to that of society, he accepted. This was his philosophy. If life with Frieda didn't cause him to espouse it in the first place, it certainly gave him reason to hold to it, tenaciously.

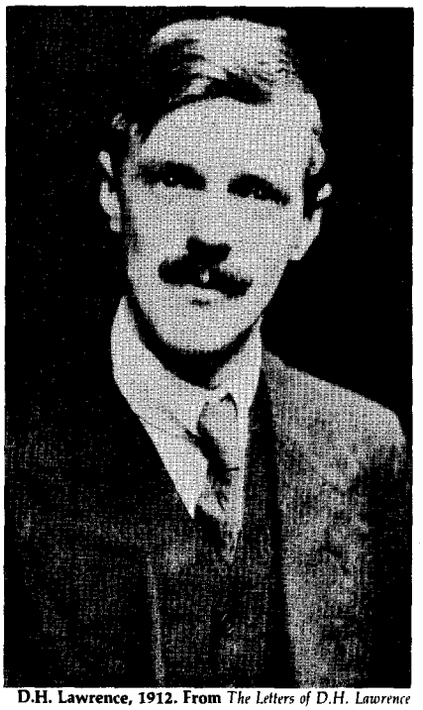
Besides recording Lawrence's affairs of the heart, these letters chronicle his difficulties writing *The White Peacock*, *The Trespasser*, and *Sons and Lovers*, while teaching at the Croydon school. They also chart his entry into the great metropolitan literary world, the beginnings of his friendships with Edward Garnett and Ford Madox Ford, and his encounters with such rising literary lights as Ezra Pound. ("He is twenty-four like me, but his God is beauty, mine, life.") There are no political opinions here, and surprisingly few literary ones; and, in the early going at any rate, there are very few letters to men. "Strong, stern men bore and irritate me," he writes to a feminist friend:

Their strength lies in their insusceptibility to half the influences that deflect mortality. I never admire the strength *of mountains and fixed rocks; but the strength of the sea that leaps and foams frantically and slips back in a tame underwash; strength that laughs and winks, that mocks and mocks; and broods awhile, and is sullen—I am fascinated by that sort.*

His own strength was of that sort. There are, in the words of one of his women friends, "patches of boy" in these letters. Many are mere business notes, of interest only to scholars. And Lawrence's casual anti-Semitism is a barrier. To read him, nevertheless, to laugh and wink and mock and mock and brood awhile and be sullen with him in these letters, is to fall utterly under his matchless spell.

Jack Beatty

Lawrence to Frieda Weekley, May 7, 1912



D.H. Lawrence, 1912. From *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence*

Now I can't stand it any longer, I cant. For two hours I haven't moved a muscle—just sat and thought. I have written a letter to Ernst. You needn't, of course, send it. But you must say to him all I have said. No more dishonour, no more lies. Let them do their—silliest—but no more subterfuge, lying, dirt, fear. I feel as if it would strangle me. What is it all but procrastination? No, I can't bear it, because it's bad. I love you. Let us face anything, do anything, put up with anything. But this crawling under the mud I cannot bear.

I'm afraid I've got a fit of heroics. I've tried so hard to work—but I cant. This situation is round my chest like a cord. It *mustn't* continue. I will go right away, if you like. I will stop in Metz till you get Ernst's answer to the truth. But no, I won't utter or act or willingly let you utter or act, another single lie in the business.

I'm not going to joke, I'm not going to laugh, I'm not going to make light of things for you. The situation tortures me too much. It's the situation, the situation I can't stand—no, and I won't. I love you too much.

Don't show this letter to either of your sisters—no. Let us be good. You are clean, but you dirty your feet. I'll sign myself as you call me

—Mr. Lawrence

Don't be miserable—if I didn't love you I wouldn't mind when you lied. But I love you, and Lord, I pay for it.

Coming:

Erica Jong on John Updike.

Brief Reviews

Music After Modernism by Samuel Lipman

(Basic Books; $11.95)

Don't be misled by the title of this book. *Music After Modernism* is not, as its scholarly title suggests, a serious survey of contemporary music (which ranges from the serialism of Pierre Boulez, Milton Babbitt, and Karlheinz Stockhausen to John Cage's music of chance and Samuel Barber's late-late romanticism). Instead, this volume by Samuel Lipman, a concert pianist and the music critic of *Commentary*, is a

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collection of diverse critical pieces, most of which appeared originally either in *Commentary* or the *Times Literary Supplement*. They range from essays on Wagner and Stravinsky to one on Yehudi Menuhin and another on Horowitz's keyboard wizardry. There is hardly any serious discussion of contemporary composers. If anything, this is more a look at music before modernism than after it.

Nonetheless, Lipman's prejudice—a distaste for contemporary music—sounds throughout in a vague but persistent refrain, from the opening sentence ("Music is in a bad way") to the final bleak "Tour d'Horizon" chapter. The problem, in Lipman's view, rests squarely with modern composers, who write music that sounds better in theory than in practice. As a result, the "canon of great music was closed at least 40 years ago," and the repertory has become frozen and stale. One corollary is that performers are judged on how well they imitate the towering interpretations of the past: there is little room for invention. Another side-effect is the lack of genuine excitement in concert halls, despite record-breaking attendance and an infusion of government funding. "The signs are ominous," says Lipman, "disguised in the best-financed cases by tinsel, in others by mere hope. . . ."

Such pessimism is not new. For some years now, modern music has been at an impasse, caught between audiences that idolize the 19th century and composers who embrace the 21st. It is no longer sufficient just to report its failures, as Lipman does here. With the aging of the avant-garde, one wants to know where it has succeeded as well as where it has failed, and why. Also welcome would be an exploration of why modern music has splintered into so many opposing camps and where it may go from here. But such hard questions await a more systematic and dispassionate observer: Lipman's anti-modernism seems rooted in nothing deeper than dislike.

When he is not inveighing against modernism, however, Lipman is a provocative thinker and forceful writer. He argues that Rachmaninoff has been underrated (his rhythmic energy and "luxuriant contrapuntal writing" all but ignored by disdainful critics) and Mahler overrated. Lipman ascribes Mahler's enormous and rather puzzling popularity to a strange conjunction of audiences (which view his music as romantic) and musicians (who find in it the shock-effects of modernism). And he sets Wagner's Olympian achievement in the context of his time, when it was widely believed that the arts were supreme and music the supreme art. As a result, Wagner's cultural power took on political, and even religious, overtones. *Music After Modernism* is welcome more for its perspective on the past than the present—or future.

Annalyn Swan

Annalyn Swan is a staff writer for *Time* magazine.

TWO POEMS

Starting the Hostilities

We've cleared the wires where
the hostages hung all night.
Feeling is up,
horses kick at the barn doors,
youngsters in town
round up the old pistols,
some test improvised bombs,
wives quietly clean rifles.

This is no child's tourney,
there'll be other casualties.
The veterans are growling . . .
We'll tear out their hearts.

Old Boat

Pack rats are sinking
the old pleasure boat.
Here, give us a hand,
let's keep it afloat
a while longer,
remember the good times
we all had aboard her.

Edwin Honig

Merchant Princes: An Intimate History of the Jewish Families Who Built Our Great Department Stores by Leon Harris

(Harper & Row; $12.95)

Leon Harris's entertaining history gives the department store a special aura. The imagination, hard work, and nerve that went into their creation were formidable, and so has been their effect. The author, grandson and son of pioneer Texas merchants, points out that future anthropologists would do well to study these marketplaces to "discover what we wore, read, listened to, and ate, how we cooked, the things that amused and beguiled us, from childrens' toys to sports equipment to sex manuals." From the late 19th century into the 1930s only a few men determined these needs and fantasies; some great store-owners became almost as famous as Theodore Roosevelt—and as rough and ready.

Take Lazarus Straus. At 43 he left a comfortable life in Germany to become a peddler in Georgia. Soon he opened his own tiny general store in the village of Talbottom. Instead of serving in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, he traveled all over Europe selling Confederate bonds. Both his reputation and his income grew. He moved to New York, bought a wholesale crockery business and sold retail for the first time from rented space in Macy's on St. Patrick's Day 1874. He was a smash hit, and there he stayed. Thirteen years later the Strauses bought the whole store. In a few years they had a half interest in a Brooklyn department store known thereafter as Abraham and Straus. In 1902 they built the enormous Macy's on Herald Square.

How did they do it? And how did Stanley Marcus in Dallas, William Filene in Boston, Morris Rich in Atlanta? In a number of ways, and it wasn't simply quality or price. Lazarus Straus created "depositor's accounts," in which customers put money against which they could make purchases. Meanwhile, the store had the use of these deposits at no interest to the customer. Bernie Gimbel was a master showman—he sponsored an indoor golf tournament in one of his stores and a $5000-prize airplane race between his Philadelphia and New York establishments. Stanley Marcus taught his salespeople to make each customer feel unique, and Morris Rich made his Atlanta store a community institution, as necessary to the family as church and school.

Harris discusses how these same heroes took advantage of their employees, how pretentious some merchant families became and what tyrants a few storeowners like Fred Lazarus Jr. of Federated Department Stores could be. But the good guys far outnumber the bad. Julius Rosenwald (of Sears, Roebuck) stands out. He was

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one of the best-known philanthropists in the nation (he gave away $63 million), and the largest beneficiaries were blacks. He stimulated the building of rural schools in the South, as well as donating huge sums to the University of Chicago and to Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry.

Harris has done far more than report on brilliant businessmen; he lets one in on the great fun they had. Selling and merchandising at the grand level become the adventure it was to those who once walked the dirt roads, traded with the cowboys, housewives, and Indians, and gave Americans the necessities and luxuries that changed their lives.

Valerie Brooks

Valerie Brooks is a freelance writer.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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Texas Diarist

Home on the Range

One of the well-known dangers of life in the nation's capital is that of losing sight of how things look from the hinterlands, where people do not spend their cocktail hours chatting about SALT negotiations and the cost of synthetic fuel. I try to avoid this pitfall by repairing twice a year to Texas, where I grew up and where my heart, if not my person, still resides. Texans, of course, are like Harvard men—you can always tell one, but you can't tell him much—and they rarely hesitate to offer me their opinions about the sloth and mendacity of my fellow Washington residents. Jimmy Carter recently made an angry vow to hold no more Washington press conferences, since he thinks the Washington press corps invariably distorts his message in transmitting it to his constituents. At first I didn't take this accusation very seriously, but conversations with friends, family, and casual acquaintances in my native state have given me a new appreciation of the awesome power of the press. For some time now, we all know, Washington journalists have been writing articles casting doubt on Carter's competence as president. And lo and behold, what do you think Texans say about Jimmy Carter? That's right: he's incompetent. Obviously these credulous provincials have swallowed the lies of the Washington press hook, line, and sinker, ignoring the countless monumental achievements of our current chief executive. I now realize what power resides in my typewriter. In the future I will be more careful about distorting the president's impeccable record.

The energy crisis is one of the things that look different once you leave the eastern seaboard. While on vacation, I went on a fishing trip to Colorado with my younger brother Kevin, who was taking a break from subduing his law school courses. The trip required a drive across eastern New Mexico, which reminded me of what someone once told Texas novelist Larry McMurtry: until he drove across Texas he had never grasped the concept of infinity. On the highway we traveled, towns were separated by 50 and 60 miles, with no supermarkets, liquor stores, or even gas stations in between. In one 100-mile stretch we passed no more than a dozen cars. *TNR* is on record in favor of a one-dollar-a-gallon tax on gasoline, a proposal that sounds a lot better when I'm riding the subway to work than it did when I was gazing down the endless stretches of US Highway 84. The 55-mile-per-hour speed limit also seemed absurd out there, so I ignored it and kept the speedometer at 75. When I passed a highway patrolman going the other way, he didn't bat an eye. Apparently even New Mexico law enforcement authorities have no use for bad laws made by people who don't have to live with the consequences of their decisions, and in this case it's hard to blame them.

Those vast distances, of course, provide one answer to the question always asked by our European allies: why can't Americans use less oil? It helps to keep the problem in perspective if you remember that El Paso is about as far from Texarkana as Brussels is from Leningrad, and that Germany has 651 people per square mile, compared with 57 in the US. It's a lot easier to complain about Americans' profligate use of gasoline if you live in a state that has 900 people per square mile, like New Jersey, than if you live in a state that has eight people per square mile, like New Mexico. Any serious conservation program has to recognize our country's peculiar characteristics. But acknowledging the causes of our dependence on OPEC doesn't make our predicament any less uncomfortable. My brother and I were talking about energy as we drove through West Texas, one of our richest oil areas, and we saw a sign by one oil field boasting that it had produced 307 million barrels of oil since it was first discovered. I calculated that to be about three weeks' supply at the US's current rate of consumption.

For some reason fishing doesn't arouse the same hostility in my *TNR* colleagues as another of my avocations—namely hunting, or what John Osborne refers to as "shooting defenseless animals." This disdain for firearms and their sporting uses is one of the attitudes that divides urbanites, particularly eastern ones, from many other Americans. Coming from a culture in which hunting is as commonplace a pastime as basketball in Harlem or ice hockey in Canada, I've always been mystified by people who regard hunters as dangerous mental defectives. Is the objection that hunting involves cruelty to animals? It would be hard to argue that a deer felled by a high-powered rifle slug suffers more than the cattle who end up in your grocer's meat bin. None of my fellow *TNR* employees refuse to eat lobster merely because their dinner must be boiled alive. Surely no hunter would be so cruel as to drop a deer into a vat of boiling water. Nor, for that matter, would any hunter place a hook in an animal's mouth and drag it around the countryside until it was subdued, which is roughly what fishermen do to their quarry. But objections to hunting are mostly visceral, not intellectual, and the cuddlier the animal the more hostile the reaction: if it were snakes instead of furry seal pups that were being bashed to death in that annual Canadian hunt, would anyone demonstrate against it? Of course some people suspect that the Texan's love of hunting promotes violent, anti-social behavior, and no doubt they would be reassured by a headline I saw in the *Dallas Morning News*: "Houston Goes a Day Without Slaying." (The next day life in Houston was back to normal: the police discovered two women murdered in an apartment, one of them missing her head.) This connection between Texas's frontier mentality and the homicide rate in its biggest city is something to ponder the next time you're strolling through the South Bronx.

I get annoyed every time I hear President Carter hailing coal as an answer to our energy problems, reminding us that the US is what he calls "the Saudi Arabia of coal." Does it occur to him that we had good reasons for shifting from coal to oil? Like maybe that oil is cheaper, cleaner, and safer? Every time you hear the president saying we should use more coal, just remember he's saying in effect, "We should have dirtier air and water; we should kill more miners; we should run greater risks of dangerously altering the earth's climate." Unless we are willing to pay these heavy costs, coal won't contribute much more to our energy resources than it does now. Probably Carter knows all this but can't resist a good applause line to liven up his ordinarily tedious speeches. But there I go again acting like a Washington journalist, distorting the president's message to his people. Readers who are susceptible to this sort of devious manipulation are advised to forget what they've just read.

S.C.

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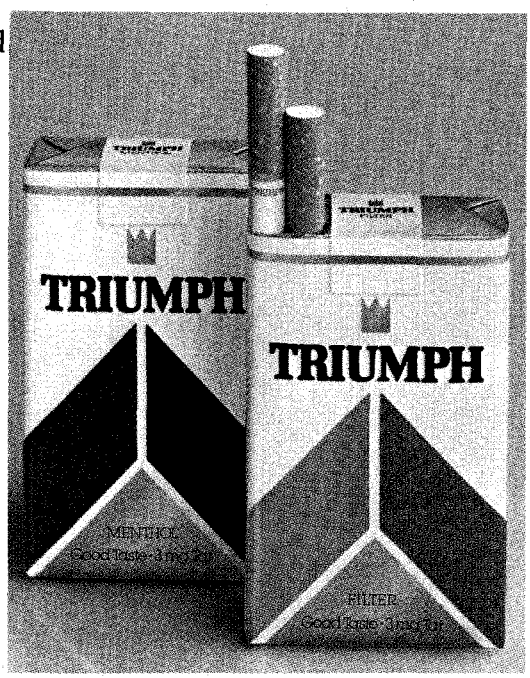

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